

Leatherneck

AUG.

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c



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IMPROVED BLADES

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Coca-Cola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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THE LEATHERNECK, AUGUST, 1951

VOLUME XXXIV, NUMBER 8

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SOUND OFF

Edited by

TSgt. Elmer E. III

ANOTHER NAVY COMPLIMENT

Dear Sgt:

I would greatly appreciate it if you would put this article in your column in the *Leatherneck*.

My husband is in the Marine Corps and has been for eight years. Right now he's on recruiting duty. We're both pretty proud of the Marine Corps and always will be.

I write to a fellow who is in the Navy, stationed on an LST. His ship hauls POWs from Pusan. He was previously stationed on the USS *Mr. McKinley* in Japan. In one of the letters I received from him he wrote this: "I don't think I'd make much of a Marine. Guess I'm not rugged enough. I know that if it wasn't for them, they could have kissed this campaign goodbye. The Reds would have had this place (Korea) long ago. When the Marines move, they aren't fooling. I know, cuz I've worked with them and controlled their fighter aircraft. Any guy that wears that uniform—especially during wartime—is quite a guy in my estimation."

That goes to show the boys just how much the Navy thinks of them. This is just one man's opinion, but I'm sure there are many more who feel the same way.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. D. A. Runyon

Centralia, Washington

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

THE dejected Red prisoner of war on this month's cover has become an increasingly frequent sight in Korea. Under the tolerant eyes of a Marine MP this character would seem to be considering the error of his ways, and wondering why he never got the "word" about U. S. Marines. Painting by SSgt. S. E. Dunlap, Jr.



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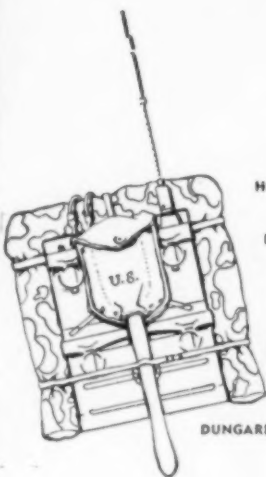
.....

Boot size and width

(Specify size and width of your former GI Army shoe or your most comfortable dress shoe.)

LM-381

Imagination Pays Off



HORSESHOE ROLL (1)

ENTRENCHING TOOL (5)

LINES SECURING
HORSESHOE ROLL

DUNGAREE TROUSERS (INSIDE)



CHOW (2)

Ideas on Better Ways To Handle Radio Gear

LEATHERNECK'S request for new ideas on better ways to solve the big and little problems that face Marines each day has resulted in some interesting replies from our readers. This month's prize of \$10.00 goes to a Korean veteran who submitted the following suggestions:

24 May 1951

Dear Sir:

Packing an S.C.R. 300 around North and South Korea last year I learned a few tricks which aided me very much. This radio is very bulky and it is next to impossible to carry it and a pack at the same time.

Using these methods I managed to carry all of the essentials without adding greatly to the weight and bulk of this instrument.

1. Make a horseshoe roll, including poncho, sleeping bag, and some skivvies, and/or towel and put it over your radio as you would the regulation pack (this also aids in

camouflaging this very conspicuous but very important piece of equipment.

2. Put as many cans of rations as possible in your antenna bag.

3. Put the remainder of the rations in a hand grenade pouch.

4. Place a pair of dungaree trousers inside the set between the battery and the case (this also stops the battery from rattling around).

5. Fasten an entrenching tool on the back of the radio.

Pfc Samuel G. Williams

We might also add for consideration by Marines who have to carry equipment like the SCR 300, packboards, or ammunition bags; it is possible to carry one's personal gear in the knapsack (lower half of pack) when hung on the suspender straps low in the back as illustrated. This permits the radio or other equipment to be carried, but doesn't deny the individual his personal pack with gear usually carried in the haversack.

Let's have some more practical suggestions from Marines interested in passing on their ideas and making ten easy dollars.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 2]

RUSSIAN PROPAGANDA

Dear Editor:

I enlisted in the Corps shortly before the end of World War II and was discharged a year later. Although my period of service was short, I am proud to have been a Marine.

I have been tempted to answer some of the letters criticizing the Corps that have appeared in the "Sound Off" column, but because I was not in the Corps very long I never felt qualified to answer.

Now I want to Sound Off. If the people who criticize the tradition of the Corps would read the article, "The Bloody Path," appearing in the May *Leatherneck*, and consider what such an article means, I believe they can't help but have a little more respect for the Marine Corps.

All I can say, personally, after reading the article is that if the Russians dislike the Corps so much as to single it out from the other U.S. Services, I am more proud than ever that I was a Marine.

Sincerely,

Frank A. Bryson, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pa.

MA' SEABAG, WHERE IS IT?

Dear Sirs:

I would like for this article to be printed in "Sound Off." A lot of the guys would like to know about their seabags and where they are. Last I saw they were stored in Kobe, Japan. To what address do we write to find out this information? I don't want the clothes in the seabag. I want the personal articles.

Sincerely yours,

Corp. Leslie C. Snoddy
Ward 3b, USN Hospital

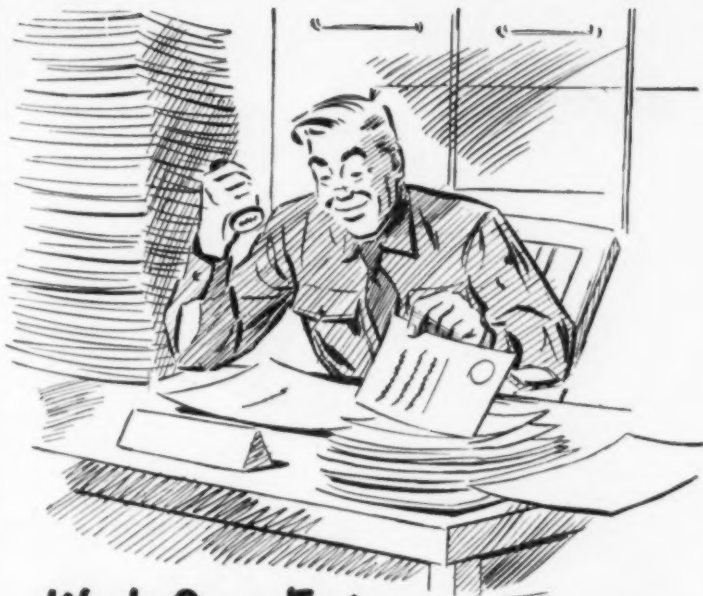
Philadelphia, Pa.

● Here is the answer for you and all men who are trying to locate lost seabags: the CO, of the Naval Hospital has mimeographed forms to fill out with your name, rank, serial number, duty stations when wounded and where the bag was stored. You send that form to the address below.

Personal Effects and Baggage Section
Personal Affairs Branch
Personnel Division
Headquarters, U.S. Marine Corps,
Rm 4312
Washington 25, D. C.

After the Headquarters office locates your seabag or personal effects they find out your present duty station. The effects are then forwarded to you at

TURN PAGE



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Sink your teeth into a stick of Wrigley's Spearmint while you're working and see for yourself! The swell chewing satisfies your yen for "something good" —gives you a nice little lift—

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

that place. It is a good idea to keep the above office informed of any change of address. All in all, the process takes time, so don't get too impatient. There are a lot of lost bags in the Marine Corps.—Ed.

"THE ROUGH ROAD TO CHOSIN"

Dear Sirs:

We are always glad to get a copy of the *Leatherneck* here in Korea.

In the February issue one of the articles we enjoyed most, "The Rough Road to Chosin," by Sgt. Ted Sell. We thought you might like to know the circumstances prevailing at the time the six x six trucks ran the road block.

Company "B," 1st Motor Transport Battalion, was attached to the Seventh Regiment during this operation and the company was under the command of Captain J. C. Camp, Jr.

The six volunteers were Sergeant M. H. Smith, Sergeant J. Becker, Sergeant A. D. McLeod, Corporal L. Weinau, Corporal B. Griffith, and Pfc J. Rushlow.

These men ran the road block going up with ammo and supplies, and returning through the road block with wounded. They were all awarded the Bronze Star Medal for this action. However, this action would not have been possible without the unceasing fire cover laid by the Seventh Marines.

Yours sincerely,
Sgt. Dale Peck, USMC

1st MTBn

First Marine Division
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Thank you, Sergeant, for the finer details. It always helps to give credit to those who deserve it.—Ed.

LEATHERNECK CONVINCES A MOTHER

Editor:

I enlisted in the Marine Corps in January '51 against my mother's wishes. For her own reasons she did not like the Marine Corps. The other day I received a letter from her and I quote: "All I can say now is, that I am glad you chose the Marine Corps and I think it is the best branch of the service. I'll always be proud that you are a Marine. I know you always wanted me to feel this way and I guess it's because I've been reading the *Leatherneck*. Nothing can come up to the Marine Corps training and I am glad the public is aware of it."

I can't tell you how grateful I am to the *Leatherneck* for making my mother feel this way. I shall continue to subscribe to your magazine for the rest of

my time in the Marines, which is for three more years.

Your friend,
Pfc Robert A. Lange
Camp Lejeune, N. C.

T.O. FOR COMPANY ROCKET SECTION?

Dear Sir:

I have been putting this off for quite sometime and I have had a few arguments on this subject. What is the T.O. of a Company Rocket Section? I say it is supposed to be a 13-man section. Three gun teams, four men in each. Gunner, loader, first and second ammo carrier. They have now cut my section down to seven men. Two guns or launchers; gunner, loader, one ammo carrier. At that rate I can't even pull a sufficient security watch at night. Why can't they keep a 13-man section: two 2.36 inch rockets and one 3.5, because of the W.P. Ammo.

We haven't hit any tanks or armored vehicles since September and we still have the same 3-5 ammo we brought from the trap in December. I myself as a section leader see a great need for the 2.36 Launcher. No, I'm not running down the 3.5. But I sure like the 2.36 when I have a chance to fire on an enemy concentration. If I don't have a 2.36 I just have to stand by and see some innocent trooper killed when it could have been prevented. Well, I guess I have said enough so I will sign off.

Sincerely yours,
Corp. James W. Taylor
1st Marine Division
15 April, 1951

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

MISTAKE IN APRIL COVER?

Dear Sirs:

On the cover of the April issue of *Leatherneck*, we have noticed a slight oversight by someone. The cover depicts a Guidon Bearer at Present Arms. In the manual of the sword, on the preparatory command of Present, the sword is brought up in front of the individual's face as shown on the cover. But, on the command of execution, Arms, the sword is brought down to the side with the flat of the blade up, and the curved part of the handle against your leg. Therefore, the Guidon Bearer is at Present Arms, and the Officer is at the first step of Present Arms. Reference for this can be found in Landing Party Manual, Chap. 2, Sect. #3, Paragraph 2-16 under C. Date, 1950.

Drill Instructors of U.S. Naval School Pre-Flight, Pensacola, Florida.

Sgt. F. R. Melia
Sgt. R. D. Robertson
Sgt. L. High

Pensacola, Florida.

● You are right, men. This cover picture was posed in a manner to make a good picture and to fill the page. So
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)

"YOU'VE GOT A CHICKEN ON YOUR SHOULDER, COLONEL
-BUT HE USES MENNEN SKIN BRACER!"



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BOX 1128, U. P. STA.
DES MOINES, IOWA



"B," Parris Island, S. C., would like to hear from Corp. Innes Recio, stationed at Treasure Island, Calif., about February, 1951.

Mrs. J. B. Markland, 1450 W. 83rd St., Chicago, Ill., wishes to hear from relatives or friends of Thomas Christanson and Pfc Short, formerly of "C" Co., 1st AmTracBn, 1st Mar. Div.

Mr. Charles E. Nees, 339 Longview Pl., Decatur, Ill., would like to hear from anyone having information concerning the whereabouts of his son, Pfc Ronald E. Nees, reported missing in action in Korea, Sept. 25, 1950.

Former Marine Corp., Dillard A. Morgan, Box 293, Eastland, Tex., would like to hear from anyone who served with him in "G" Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., during combat engagements at New Britain and Peleliu.

Mrs. Evelyn Schneider, 11 Lincoln Ave., Livingston, N. J., wishes to hear from anyone having information concerning the present whereabouts of her son, Pfc Edward C. Schneider, reported missing in action in Korea, Nov. 28, '50.

Miss Bette Mason, 365 Oberlin Ave., Lorain, O., would like to hear from anyone having information concerning the present whereabouts of Frederick La Valle, formerly of the 2nd Marine Division.

Mrs. J. H. Fairchild, Salyersville, Ky., would like to hear from Pfc J. D. Cression, B. B. Patrick, and A. J. L. Pencook, who served with the Ma-

Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of such letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

Sgt. Allan W. Foutz, SMS-15, MAG-15, USMCAS, El Toro, Calif., would like to hear from Pvt. Tony Marty-nik, formerly of Norfolk, Va.

Pvt. Mary E. Sheppard, 3rd Recruit Training Bn., MCRD, Platoon 8a, Co.

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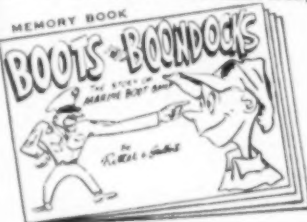
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"I think we're going to have a little trouble fitting her!"

rine band at Yokosuka, Japan, during Sept., 1950. Also to hear from family of Pfc E. C. Stewart, reported killed in Korea.

Staff Sergeant James M. Perry, Naval Hospital, Santa Margarita Ranch, Camp Joseph H. Pendleton, Ocean-side, Calif., would like to hear from buddies who served with him in Korea, attached to Co. "I," 3rd Bn., 7th Marines. Address 1047 2nd St., San Bernardino, Calif.

O. V. Pardun, 1903 Washington Ave., Golden, Colo., formerly of VMF 213, would like to hear from MSgt. C. E. Miller.

Maxie R. Lynch, 595 N. Howard St., Akron 10, Ohio, originally of Olaton, Ky., would like to hear from Odilone J. Plante, Brunswick, Maine, or any of the original First Marine Raiders.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rilea, 5712 S. 29 Ave., Omaha, Neb., would like to hear from Sgt. Thomas Martin and Pvt. Charles W. Garner.

John L. Evans, 610 Arch St., Williamsport, Pa., would like to hear from Robert Wallace of Boston, Mass.

Second Lieutenant James H. Dyas, MP Sv Platoon, Quarry Heights, Canal Zone, would like to hear from Gunny Maxwell, Gunny Wojik, Sgt. Olenburg, Sgt. Laskowski, Sgt. Jurgens, Sgt. Jacobsen and other China Marines who served in Peiping with the 2nd Bn., 5th Marines, during the winter of '46 and '47.

James Greer, PO Box 346, Camp Wood, Tex., would like to receive foreign bills and coins from service personnel stationed overseas.

T. D. Jones, 1623 26 Ave., Bessemer, Ala., would like to hear from Raymond L. Buhrman and Ira H. Buhrman of Hagerstown, Md.

E. Albus, 1603 Cromwell Rd., Norfolk 9, Va., would like to hear from 2nd Lt. Carl B. Thompson, Jr., also from members of the Mar. Det. USS Portsmouth CI-102 who served from August '47 until it was decommissioned.

Mrs. Jane P. Pack, R.D. #2, Butler Co., Valencia, Pa., would like to hear from Sgt. Edith "Speed" Loppon of Detroit, who served at Camp Lejeune as platoon leader from July, '43, until February, '44.

Mr. Vincent A. Costello, 113 Wilsey St., Newark, N. J., desires to hear from buddies who served with him at Parris Island, S. C., in Platoon 631 during Aug., Sept. and Oct. of '43.

Mrs. W. R. Koehler, 7271 Marcy St., Norfolk, Va., wants to contact L. W. Terry concerning locker her son, Buddy Norman Koehler, sent home.

Also to hear from any of Buddy's friends in 4.2 Mortar Co., 7th Marines.

Russell Huber, Alma, Wis., would like to hear from Harvey Jamison of Utah.

SSgt. James M. Perry, VMR 352, MAG 25, (Prov) MCAS, El Toro, Calif., would like to hear from anyone serving with "I" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Mr. Sam P. Williams, 3204 Carroll Ave., Cleveland, O., wants to contact anyone who served with his son, Pfc Ronald D. Williams, reported MIA in Korea.

Mrs. E. N. Morris, Carrollton, Ga., mother of Corp. Billy W. Baker, formerly of Co. "A," 1st Mt Bn., 1st Marine Div., FMF, reported missing in action since December 6, 1950, would like to hear from anyone who served in Korea with her son.

Sergeant Paul E. Lamneck, 1st Rtrng Bn., MCRD, San Diego, Calif., would like to hear from Corp. Waymond Hammond and Capt. Martin J. Sexton.

J. Joseph Cosgrove, Jr., 3631 N. Hermitage Ave., Chicago 13, Ill., would like to hear from anyone who served in Headquarters Squadron 3, 3rd MAW, from January, 1944, to July, 1945, or anyone else from Headquarters Squadron 3. Also wants to hear from anyone who knew Pfc George Wilbur Bermes, formerly attached to Marine Air Squadron VMF 224-MAG 23 Henderson Field, Guadalcanal; reported killed in action October 14, 1942.

Pfc Charles J. Harper, MB, N.A.S., Pensacola, Fla., wishes to hear from Corp. Kenneth Fiddler whose last known address was a naval hospital in New York.

Patricia Byrd, 217 E. 26th St., Norfolk, Va., would like to hear from James J. Von Oiste, formerly of the 5th Marines.

Pfc Arne R. Luoma, Ordnance Schools, F. C. L.A.A.A. Section, MCS, Quantico, Va., would like to contact Pfc C. D. Nyte.

Mrs. Marvin Bishoff, Box 716, Shelby, Montana, wants to hear from anyone who served with her late son, Pvt. Claude Broadhurst, Jr., reported killed in Korea Nov. 28, '50.

D. W. Smith, 700 W. Woodlawn Ave., San Antonio, Tex., would like to hear from anyone who served in the 91st Boat Co., 10th Reg't., Parris Island, during August, 1918.

Mrs. Alice Riggs, Elk Mills, Md., wants to hear from buddies of her late son, Corp. William R. Riggs, reported killed in Korea.

Mrs. Lillian Jordan, Box 19, Votaw, Tex., wants to contact buddies of her late son, Pfc John D. Jordan, Jr., reported killed in Korea; also Chaplain who presided at interment.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 55)

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Edited by MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.



Republic's F-84F Thunderjet takes off on a test flight with its new 7200-pound thrust Sapphire engine, built by the Curtiss-Wright Corp.

First Lieutenant C. B. Lafayette of Marine Fighting Squadron-122, MCAS, Cherry Point, has taken an old trick, given it a new treatment, and now his squadron's jets fly in the coldest and iciest weather. By enlarging and modifying the jets' defroster system, his planes are able to take off on cold rainy days which would ordinarily delay flight schedules. Another method, employing two or more jets, is used to rid planes of ice before take-off. A first plane takes a position. A second taxis up so its jet engine blast is aimed halfway between the tail and wing section of the first. This hot exhaust blast whisks away the ice without doing any damage from excessive heating. The other side is defrosted in the same manner. Thus, VMF-122 can put an eight plane section in the air within a half hour of a possible call even though ice would otherwise render the aircraft practically useless.

Specification for the Martin Airlift 4-0-4, a new combination twin-engine trainer, staff transport and utility cargo plane whose basic mission is carrying 15,000 pounds of cargo over a combat range of 1500 miles at 270 miles per hour, has been presented to the U. S. Navy and Air Force by the Glenn L. Martin Company. The plane's versatility is comparable to that of a four-engine aircraft, yet it retains the many advantages of a twin-engine plane—short landings and take-offs, high

cruising speed on low fuel consumption, low maintenance costs and aerodynamic efficiency. Two versions of the Airlift 4-0-4 are being presented, one powered by conventional piston engines, the other by turbo-prop engines.

Lack of training and experience in aero-engineering is no drawback to non-aeronautical engineers seeking positions in an established jet plane plant, according to an announcement today by Republic Aviation Corp., Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y. The company, which is currently seeking engineering and skilled aircraft production personnel, offers to train engineers with experience in architectural, electrical, civil and mechanical engineering specializations. Through interviews, Republic representatives will select qualified applicants and, upon employment, the company will train each in one of the many important phases of jet fighter plane design and development work. According to company engineers, civil and mechanical engineers can, within a brief period of on-the-job training, do aviation structure engineering. Architectural engineers, by the same type of training, can perform numerous engineering specialties. Electrical engineers can be trained in electronics, equipment or controls engineering. Those with considerable experience in mathematics can be trained to do aerodynamics or thermodynamics. **END**

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 7]

far you are the first to call these details to our attention.—Ed.

ANSWER TO SGT. E. T. HARRINGTON

Dear Sir:

I note a letter on page 7 of the May issue of the *Leatherneck* from Sgt. Edward T. Harrington, USMCR, San Diego, California, in which he points out that small groups of Marine Corps personnel should be permitted to use air transportation instead of rail.

I should like to advise all those interested that the scheduled airlines of the United States operate under an agreement with the military agencies whereby air transportation is recognized as an official means of transportation and that it may be selected under conditions where economy and time-saving are important. In most cases air travel is more economical over long distances than the fastest surface methods.

I am sure that Marine Corps Transportation Officers are aware of these regulations and would suggest that Sgt. Harrington and his fellows make suitable inquiry.

Yours very truly,

M. F. Redfern,

Vice-President Traffic—ATA

Secretary

Washington, D. C.

TOO MUCH GEAR IS CARRIED

Sir:

The effectiveness of the supply system as employed in Korea by the 1st Marine Division will in time cause considerable discussion. Even at this time, comments are pro and con.

There is doubt that due to our far thrust inland, and the necessity of increased trips for Motorized Equipment to haul supplies, there may be some revisions on the planning tables.

Numerous occasions have shown that a good percentage of motor vehicle tieups was the extra personal gear of troops. Especially the waterproof bags crammed full with excessive and unnecessary gear. Some of this extra clothing could have been disposed of through proper channels, or left in a rear area. Some units after some experience are adopting this measure. Replacements arriving from Japan continue to bring seabags without question. They could have been stored in Kobe, Japan. There is no room in Korea. When a Marine is ordered forward, the difference between what a Marine carries and the load of a Korean laborer is negligible.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

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THE STRAIGHT DOPE

Part III

This is the final installment of Marine Corps Bulletin Number 4-51 which Leatherneck has printed in entirety. The bulletin is intended to answer the many questions on Marine Corps policies concerning separation, assignment, promotion, relief from active duty, etc., which have come into Headquarters in the form of letters which must be checked and answered. We believe that the availability of this information will help to diminish this expensive, time-consuming correspondence.

(c) Officer Procurement

1. General

A. The Marine Corps provides opportunities for enlisted personnel to qualify for appointment to commissioned rank at various stages of their careers. Generally, these opportunities may be classified by age groups. Young enlisted personnel may qualify for entrance to the Naval Academy, the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps or the Naval Aviation Cadet Program. Enlisted personnel between the ages of 20-27 may qualify for direct appointment to commissioned rank. Older and more experienced enlisted personnel may qualify as Limited Duty Officers, Second Lieutenants (temporary) or Warrant rank.

B. The Commandant of the Marine Corps has directed that enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty be given the same opportunities to qualify for appointment to commissioned rank as enlisted personnel of the regular Marine Corps. Enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty will be considered under all officer procurement programs available to enlisted personnel of the regular Marine Corps with the exception of the Limited Duty Officer Program. There is no need for Limited Duty Officers in the Marine Corps Reserve. Therefore, personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty will not be considered for appointment

as Limited Duty Officers.

C. With the exception of the Naval Aviation Cadet Program, applications and recommendations are not desired for any officer procurement program unless specifically requested for a particular program. The Naval Aviation Cadet Program is a continuing program and applications may be submitted at any time.

D. At the present time the Marine Corps has an excess of warrant officers. It is anticipated that no program for appointment of additional warrant officers will be activated in the immediate future. (See Warrant Officer Program following.)

E. Detailed information on specific officer procurement programs will be promulgated at the time applications and recommendations are desired. General information may be found in Chapter 5, Marine Corps Manual. Marine Corps Bulletin No. 2-51 contains information on Officer Procurement.

2. Officer Procurement Programs Available to Enlisted Personnel

A. Naval Academy

(1) Opportunity for enlisted personnel to compete for entrance to the Naval Academy under the Fleet Quota will be given each year. Detailed requirements are normally promulgated in a BUPERS-Marine Corps Joint Letter. In addition, this Joint Letter is normally published in the Navy Department Bulletin.

B. Naval ROTC

(1) Opportunity for enlisted personnel to compete for entrance to the Naval ROTC program under the Fleet Quota will be given each year. Detailed requirements are normally promulgated in a BUPERS-Marine Corps Joint Letter. In addition, this Joint Letter is normally published in the Navy Department Bulletin.

C. Naval Aviation Cadet Program

(1) Detailed requirements for the NAV-CAD program are contained in BUPERS-Marine Corps Joint Letter of 18 July 1949. This Joint Letter is also contained in the 30 November 1949 Navy Department Bulletin.

(2) As stated above, this is a con-

tinuing program and applications may be submitted at any time.

(3) Only a limited number of Naval Aviation Cadets who complete flight training are appointed second lieutenants in the Marine Corps Reserve at this time. Selection for Marine Corps appointments are made by a board of officers at Pensacola, Florida, from among those graduates of the program who desire appointment in the Marine Corps.

D. Direct appointment to commissioned rank of enlisted personnel for unrestricted performance of duty.

(1) Detailed requirements for this program are outlined in Marine Corps Memorandum No. 5-51. Approximately eleven hundred (1100) enlisted personnel will be ordered to the Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Virginia, for officer candidate screening. Those who successfully complete this officer candidate screening will be appointed second lieutenants and assigned to a Basic Officer Course.

(2) It is anticipated that this program for enlisted personnel will be continued.

E. Temporary Officer Program

(1) Detailed requirements for this program are outlined in Marine Corps Memorandum No. 3-51. Approximately five hundred (500) appointments to the rank of second lieutenant (temporary) will be made in the near future.

(2) It is anticipated that this program will be continued.

F. Limited Duty Officer

(1) Applications will be invited in the immediate future from personnel who desire consideration for appointments as Limited Duty Officers. Generally, the requirements will be the same as for appointment during 1950.

(2) As previously stated, appointment as Limited Duty Officer will be restricted to personnel of the regular Marine Corps.

(3) It is anticipated that the Limited Duty Officer program will be continued.

G. Warrant Officer Program

(1) No additional requirements for warrant officers exist at this time; however, upon completion of the selection of temporary second lieutenants, it may

become necessary to reopen temporary appointments to the warrant officer field in order to fill vacancies which have been created.

(d) Release from Active Duty

1. Present legislation authorizes the call of organized and volunteer Marine Corps reservists to active duty in such numbers necessary to meet the commitments of the Marine Corps, and their retention on active duty a maximum of twenty-one (21) months. If the international situation and our commitments under the national defense program permit it is expected that most reservists will be released from active duty prior to the present maximum service period of twenty-one (21) months.

2. A phase-out program is now under study by Headquarters Marine Corps and its publication to the field in the immediate future is contemplated. Prior to the implementation of the phase-out plan, reservists may be relieved to inactive duty for reasons of physical defects or dire personal hardship.

3. A careful system of review of all physical examinations administered to reservists assigned to extended active duty has been established. A medical department form on which the individual is required to set forth his history of physical defects is provided him upon his first reporting for physical examination. This form, along with the report of the medical officer's examination, is forwarded to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery for review. Upon being found physically qualified for active duty, the officer then proceeds to an initial duty station where he is again subjected to an examination including X-rays and certain special tests. Should the individual officer not meet the prescribed physical standards he is released from active duty, or if the defect is minor in nature, the medical officer may recommend a conditional waiver subject to the approval of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery and the Commandant of the Marine Corps.

4. Upon receipt by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the report of physical examination, each report with the individual's self-prepared medical history is reviewed by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. Each case is then referred to the Commandant of the Marine Corps with appropriate recommendation that the individual be considered for duty, provided certain minor defects are waived, or that the individual is not considered physically qualified and that he be released from active duty. In no case is an individual retained on active duty for whom the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery has recommended release.

5. Releases to inactive duty for reason

of dire personal hardship are approved only in exceptional cases where it can be positively established that the release of a reservist to inactive duty will definitely alleviate the condition of suffering or loss out of all proportion to the need for the officer on active duty. The Marine Corps recognizes that a hardship has been created for most reservists by their call to active duty and for that reason considers it essential to hold releases to inactive duty for reasons of dire personal hardship to a minimum.

(e) Change of Military Occupational Specialty

1. Each request for change of Military Occupational Specialty receives careful consideration at Headquarters Marine Corps. The decision is based upon an evaluation of each individual case by a group of officers familiar with both the requirements of each Military Occupational Specialty and the needs of the Marine Corps as a whole.

2. It must be realized that all civilian skills do not have their counterpart in the military service, and in those cases where they do, the requirements of the Marine Corps are not sufficiently great to insure the employment of all individuals in their civilian skills.

3. The Military Occupational Specialty(s) of officer and enlisted personnel on active duty are assigned on the basis of:

(a) *The needs of the service*—particularly in the case of personnel without extensive Fleet Marine Force experience, these needs are almost exclusively for those Military Occupational Specialties which are designed to provide personnel for a Fleet Marine Force unit in combat. Examples of such Military Occupational Specialties within a Marine Division should include those in the following fields: Infantry, Field Artillery, Tanks, Engineers, Communication, Supply and Motor Transport. This criteria dictates the primary Military Occupational Specialty for practically every officer and enlisted man on active duty.

(b) *The relative qualifications*—of an individual for the assignment of a particular Military Occupational Specialty, considering his civilian and military training and experience.

(c) *His preference for duty*—in the light of the above factors.

Retesting

Learning ability does not change rapidly, and significant changes in test scores will not normally appear in a short period of time. Therefore, it is a policy of this Headquarters to disapprove request for the retesting of individuals who have been tested during the preceding twelve (12) month pe-

riod, and only in exceptional cases are other requests for retesting approved.

(f) Transfer or Reassignment

1. It is a Marine Corps policy of long standing that all requests for reassignment or transfer must originate with the individual concerned. This policy became necessary because of the many requests received at this Headquarters which were not in accordance with the desires of the Marine concerned. If an individual is performing duties other than those which he feels are of the greatest value to the service, he may submit a request for reassignment through the proper administrative channels. These requests are given every consideration possible; however, the assignment of personnel to the field of their choice of their maximum skill is not always possible due to military necessity.

2. Because of the limitations placed on the number of personnel authorized for various posts or stations, individual requests for transfer to a particular station cannot always be granted, and the Marine must be available for such assignment as the needs of the service may demand. For example, the Great Lakes area, which furnishes approximately twenty per cent of the Marine Corps personnel requirements, has a total of three hundred and eighty-eight (388) authorized billets at three different posts. Obviously only a small fraction of the thousands of requests from the thirty-five thousand (35,000) Marines for duty at these stations living in this area can be favorably administered.

3. Personnel who desire a particular assignment should first ascertain whether their local commander is authorized to order or nominate personnel for that assignment as part of a quota allotted to his command by the Commandant. If this is the case, an official request should be submitted to the local commander for his consideration. If the local commander is not authorized to order or nominate members of his command to this particular assignment, or if the local commander cannot approve this request because of the needs of his command, an official request should be submitted to the Commandant via proper channels.

4. The present fitness report is considered adequate for the purpose of allowing all officers of the Marine Corps and Marine Corps Reserve on active duty to express their preference of duty. This is not intended, however, to prevent officers from submitting their preference of duty stations to the Commandant of the Marine Corps when it is felt by the individual officer concerned that his case should be brought to the attention (*continued on page 52*)

INSPECTOR GENERAL

Expert teams check the military
proficiency of the Corps annually

by TSgt. Claude R. Lewis
Leatherneck Staff Writer



A field marching pack display gets a
thorough inspection by an IG member



A poorly fitted bayonet may mean a dead Marine. The
correct fit is checked by an IG officer inspecting Co.

"A", 2d Shore Party Battalion. Men were cautioned on
danger to the eye when removing blade from a weapon

"HOW are you doing?" is a standard phrase of the versatile American language; no other words can express general concern so simply. Headquarters Marine Corps has its own way of asking this simple question of its wide organization.

But it asks it thoroughly.

The teams of the Inspector General have a gigantic task—they are responsible for the answer. To provide Headquarters with this answer, the Inspector General and his teams conduct one annual inspection of all Marine Corps units, activities, posts and stations except those units which are afloat.

The scope of these inspections is vast. The IG teams observe the degree of efficiency and economy with which the activities are functioning. They probe the extent to which regulations, orders, directives and instructions issued by Headquarters Marine Corps are carried out. They record the conditions and preparedness of commands and other activities to perform and fulfill their missions. They check audits of non-appropriated funds to determine how they are being spent. If there are unwise expenditures, they are reported.

In the early-day Marine Corps this task was not as complex as it is today. When the Continental Marines became the U. S. Marines in 1798, Captain George Memminger was appointed Adjutant. His specific duties were the same as those of the IG today. In 1817 an act of Congress authorized the office of Adjutant Inspector headed by Brevet Major Samuel Miller. This office, commonly called the A&I, became one of the oldest and most familiar institutions in the Marine Corps. In October, 1945, the A&I was abolished and the Inspection Division was founded. Major General Pedro del Valle was the Corp's first Inspector General. The present Inspector General is Major General Samuel L. Howard. His staff officers and clerical assistants are detailed by the Commandant.

The standards of military proficiency, as set forth by the Commandant of the Marine Corps, are the criteria for the team's inspection. They include the observation of the individual Marine's ability to perform his function in a fire team, squad, or platoon.

The IG does not inspect with white gloves and magnifying glass for minute flaws or impropriety in clothing, nor are they too concerned about the police of buildings and grounds for the occasion. But they do want to know how well a command is organized and how it functions as a unit. They do not hold tactical inspections.

The IG is an efficiency unit comparable to those employed by private

TURN PAGE



Spit and polish is the keynote when the word is passed that the IG is on his way. Pfc Bierbower and Sanderson apply smart shine



A member of the Guard at Camp Lejeune gets his M-1 rifle inspected. A thorough check is given each weapon from front sight to butt plate

INSPECTOR GENERAL (cont.)

industry. They look, probe, and interrogate with three questions in mind. Can something be done a better way? Can it be done more quickly? Can it be done at less expense?

The number of teams assigned to inspect a command depends upon the size of the organization and the scope of the inspection.

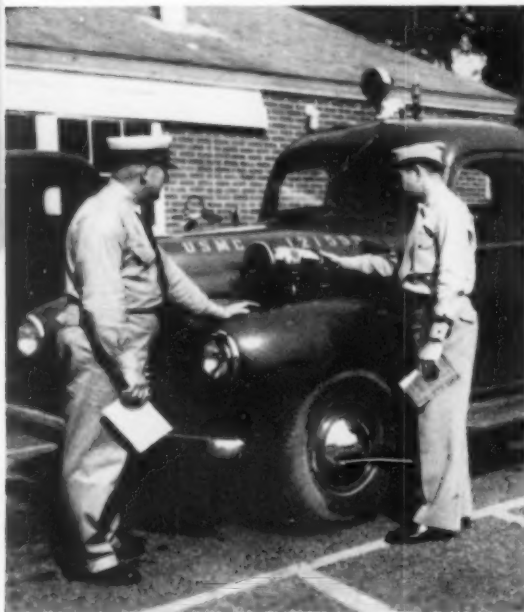
In a recent inspection of one installation a four-man team and two three-man teams were used. They inspected personnel, and clothing and equipment. They checked administrative procedures, personnel accounting systems, records and files. Food services and messes were examined thoroughly. Inspections of buildings, store-rooms, shops, areas, and recreation facilities were held.

Conferences were called on problems involving command management, staff functioning, and general ability to perform missions within personnel limitations. Spot training examinations were given to determine the overall efficiency of the yearly training programs at these commands.

Coincident with the scheduled inspections, 10 specialists officers viewed special service, exchange, audit, motor transport, utilities, engineer, postal, ordnance, (Continued on page 18)



Pfc J. A. Mancini stands ready to be inspected while an IG member measures correct fit of dress coat belonging to Corp. W. A. Casserly



Lejeune Fire Chief G. L. Shaffer and IG utility specialist, Capt. J. J. Rausch, talk fire-fighting



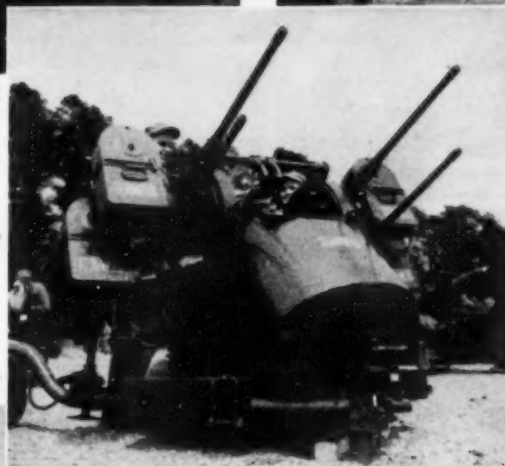
Request mast from a hospital bed. Pvt. John P. Walsh discusses a problem with mast officer



Chow is an important item. An IG officer examines the quality of a tempting T-bone ▲

Quads of the 2d Automatic Weapons Bn. are prepared for a review at Tent Camp ➡

An IG engineer specialist, Capt. L. Ball, checks work of 2d Floating Bridge unit ▼



▲ The myriad articles sold at the exchanges are accounted for at the main storeroom

Photos by Sgts. F. J. Krafzig,
L. A. Pope, J. G. Eckl and
D. J. Freely
Official USMC Photographers

▼ Women Marines do not escape IG's surveillance, sharpen up for inspection



INSPECTOR GENERAL (cont.)

electronics, and general supply facilities of each command.

The area of the installation made this an exacting task for the IG team during the two-week inspection since the camp has thousands of land acres, as well as thousands of buildings and other structures on the reservation.

The IG's findings during this or any other inspection, provide the Commandant with an accurate picture. He can readily tell how the men in the 2nd Shore Party Battalion, Second Marines at Camp Lejeune, like their food, their assignments and the conditions of their command. He can note the degree of efficiency of the Marines on embassy duty in London, or the condition of clothing and equipment of Marines at the Pearl Harbor Barracks. Most important of all, he knows the state of readiness of every command in the Marine Corps.

Results of the IG's work save the taxpayers untold thousands of dollars per year and help make the Marine Corps a more efficient organization.

When an IG team inspects a recruiting division or district they are at the source of the Marine Corps' lifeline. Here they check the quality as well as the quantity of new men for the Corps. If a recruiting officer is not temperamentally suited to his job—they determine this during an inspection—he may allow many men to be recruited who will not measure up to military life. It may take up to a year to prove these men misfits. In the meantime the government has spent several thousands of dollars to feed, clothe, pay and train them.

One of the most important functions of the IG, as far as a good many Marines are concerned, is the careful consideration they give to complaints affecting individuals and to allegations of facts or conditions detrimental to the service. If a man has a gripe, he can get it off his chest at request mast. No matter how large a command, every man is afforded an opportunity to introduce any problem at request mast that can't be settled in agreement beforehand by his company commander. The team members will hear every man out, regardless of the number. Each complaint is considered valid regardless of its nature, and it is acted upon. Sometimes it can be resolved with an explanation or local action; other times it must be handled through Headquarters Marine Corps. The name of a man who goes to request mast is never divulged to unauthorized personnel and he is protected against recriminations. Fortunately, for team members, only a small percentage of a command have disturbing problems. Complaints which



All drivers must have licenses. Col. H. Waterman inspects Pfc Steinhardt's Marine permit as Lt. Col. K. Martin, CO, of 2d MT Battalion, watches



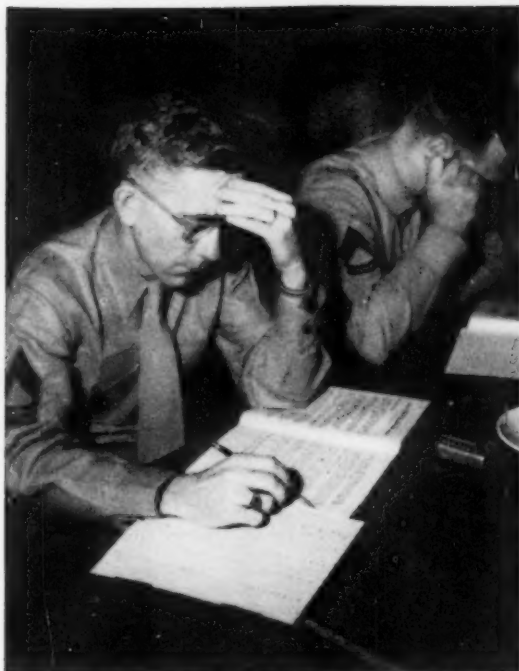
Like their male counterparts, Women Marines also stand clothing on the bunk inspection. Major Henderson verifies Corp. Young's display

require local action within a command are followed up at Headquarters by the IG to assure that they have been adequately resolved.

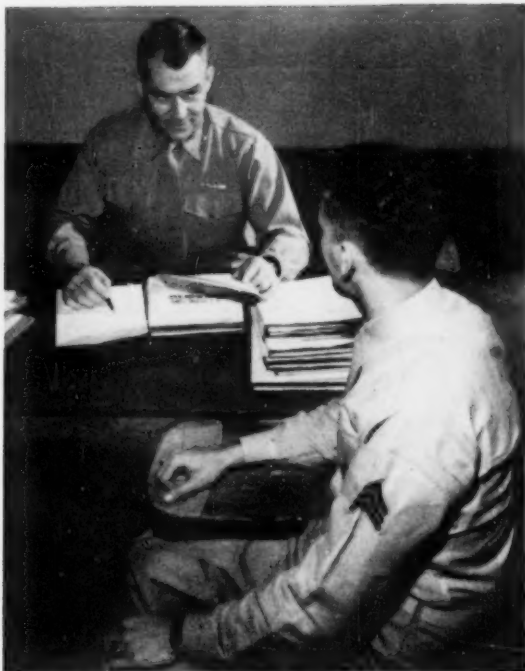
The Korean outbreak has affected inspections of the regular establishment. In order to insure no interference with vital work or training, the senior officer of each inspecting team or party is authorized to consult with the commander of the activity being inspected. When circumstances warrant, he may

modify the inspection routine by eliminating the features which would constitute interference.

Regardless of international conditions, when the official word is passed that the IG is on the way, hell breaks loose and the normal life of the command is disrupted. Gumbating hits a new high. Scrub. Clean. Polish. Stamp clothing. Discard worn-out items. Press uniforms and practice drills. Read training manuals. Even those who are



MSgt. J. McCann studies a question during IG's exam to determine proficiency of yearly training



Request mast is a vital phase of the inspection. Col. L. H. Delano listens to a sergeant's gripe



Col. Dillon of the IG staff confers with Maj. Gen. Robinson, Camp Lejeune



well up on their training will break out the books. The routine high standard of cleanliness and discipline found at most commands is not good enough for the IG—so far as the CO and his men are concerned. Sharp is the keyword. Everything and everybody on the post must dazzle.

For most Marines the IG's visit is a

necessary evil. It takes hours to prepare for an inspection. But when the IG team departs, personal inconveniences suffered during preparations are forgotten. Life returns to the normal course.

But the job has just begun for the IG team. With facts and figures they return to Headquarters to compile, sift,

and evaluate reports, complaints and discrepancies. They make recommendations to the Commandant for corrective action and suggest ways to effect a saving of time, expense, and procedures. The value of their work does not result in a spurt of new decisions and directives; it is reflected in the smooth yearly operation of the entire Corps.

END

TANK TEAMS

by TSgt. George S. Chappars and
TSgt. James C. Jones, Jr.

Marine Corps Combat Correspondents



MARINE infantrymen were assaulting a craggy Korean ridge. The going was rough; the Chinese and North Korean Reds were well dug-in, and the Marines were paying a costly price in casualties for every yard of ground gained.

Then the word was passed:

"Hold it up! Tank taking enemy positions under fire!"

Marines struggling up the steep slopes flopped down to rest and to watch. An M-26 tank that had rumbled across the frozen rice paddies in the valley below now raised its long, slender snout and it moved delicately, as if sniffing its target.

An hour later, the infantrymen were jubilantly telling each other all about it. Enemy soldiers had fled to the far

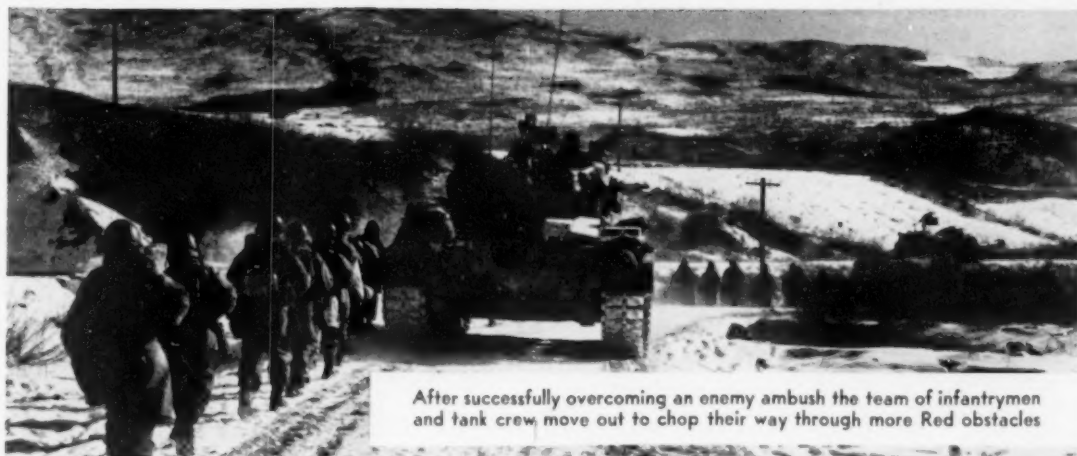
side of the ridges when the tank's big shells began slamming into their pillboxes and bunkers.

On the other side of the ridges the enemy soldiers found—not the sanctuary they had expected, but another Marine tank!

This is the oft-repeated story of a typical Korean action in which Marine tanks proved their ability to provide close support for the line troops.

In the early Summer of 1950, the word had spread that tanks were not





After successfully overcoming an enemy ambush the team of infantrymen and tank crew move out to chop their way through more Red obstacles

effective in Korea's tortuous, mountain-pocked terrain. The proper country for tanks, people said, is *not* Korea, but flat or gently rolling geography, where scores of the multi-ton monsters could maneuver like a tireless wolf pack, thrusting armored columns deep into enemy territory.

Somehow, though, the Marine Corps didn't look at the function of tanks just that way. To Marines the tank is not usually an independent weapon, but rather primarily an infantry-supporting arm. Marine officers in the early and

middle 1930's began employing tanks as part of the amphibious-warfare team which had made the Corps famous.

Those were the days when they were developing modern amphibious techniques that proved so brilliantly effective in the Marines' Pacific campaigns of World War II.

Tanks were then crude affairs by present standards; there was no radio communication, for example—a tank commander had to signal his orders by kicking the driver in the back of the head.

In the final stages of the war in the Pacific, it is true, when the Marines—along with Army units—landed at Okinawa and broke Japanese resistance, higher-echelon officers of the Marine Corps began to scan Marine fighting techniques, equipment and logistics in such large-scale operations. But there was little opportunity to draw definite conclusions—as to tanks or anything else—or to modify Marine procedures in the light of their findings.

Early in the Korean fighting, another false idea about tanks was gaining credence; not only credence, but scare headlines in U. S. newspapers. Our tanks, it was said, were no match for the Russian-made T-34 tank which the North Koreans were using.

Marine tank men now speak fondly of how they exploded that idea and the one about tanks being ineffective in Korea's rugged geography. At this writing, Marine tanks have knocked out at least 25 T-34's as against two Marine tanks lost in the encounters.

As a matter of record, the impressive tank-against-tank score of the Marines is confined to their early months of the war. Since then the enemy—whether North Korean or Chinese—has kept its tanks out of the ring and left the U. S. tanks as undisputed champions in that category.

In August and September, 1950, "A" Company tanks knocked out 14 enemy T-34's in the Pusan perimeter and Nakdong River operations of the First Provisional Marine Brigade. Later, the five tanks of one platoon engaged a like number of T-34's in a fierce dawn duel at close range, in West Pass on



A tank commander, brain of the "Iron Monster," uses binoculars in a thorough search of the Korean landscape for new Communist targets

PHOTOS BY CORP. EUGENE RYAN
Leatherneck Staff Photographer
and
Official USMC Photographers

TURN PAGE

TANK TEAMS (cont.)



the highway from Inchon to Seoul. Within eight minutes, all five enemy tanks were blasted and burning; the Marine tanks were not damaged.

But this superiority is only part of the story of Marine tanks in Korea. From the beginning, despite the fact that this was not an amphibious operation, Marine officers continued to apply the tanks as infantry-supporting weapons. The tank platoons spearheaded drives into enemy territory, bringing their mobile artillery to bear on dug-in enemy positions while the infantry provided flank cover and flushed out scattered Red troops. The tanks sometimes made long patrols ahead of the lines, but that was after the enemy had appeared to have worn out or lost its anti-tank weapons.

The extreme cold and the ice and snow that characterized the Chosin Reservoir operation, in November and

December, 1950, imposed new problems on the tanks—now in battalion strength. (The 1st Tank Battalion had landed at Inchon in mid-September, and "A" Company reverted to battalion control). Korean roads, never amply wide for the broad-bottomed tanks, now were glazed and treacherously smooth.

As the First Marine Division began stringing out its troops in a 60-mile ribbon, from the Hamhung-Hungnam coastal plain on the south end to the Chosin Reservoir on the north, the tanks strove valiantly to keep up. Several of the battalion's M-26 tanks, which are 10 tons heavier than the M-4's, and can travel over ice better because of their torqueomatic drive, made the trip through the mountain pass to the high plateau towns of Koto and Hagaru.

One M-26 tank which operated with the Seventh Marines' infantrymen near

Yudam-ni, at the Chosin Reservoir, proved to be of inestimable value in several ways. A new tank crew, brought in by helicopter from the south to operate the M-26, spearheaded the drive back to Hagaru when the Chinese Reds suddenly dealt themselves a hand in the war and orders came for the Marines to break out.

"Sometimes we felt we were all goners, for sure," said one parka'd rifleman later. "Then we'd see that tank open up on the swarms of Chinks around us, and we'd feel better."

The tank roared and chopped its way through numerous road blocks of intense enemy fire in the three succeeding days over the road south. The tank commander, Staff Sergeant Russell A. Munsell, of Puente, California, related as many of the details as he and his fellow-crewmembers could remember later.

"Within 45 minutes after we had

radioed for parts for the tank—new batteries and fan belts, mainly—they arrived by helicopter from Hagaru.

"When we got the tank on the road back, the Chinese made it rough, setting up road blocks to stop the tank and the infantry. At one point the Chinese were rolling grenades down a hillside onto the road, and we backed the tank to take them under fire.

"That was when we ended up with one track hanging off the road, in thin air, over a cliff—firing up the hillside at the Chinks and hoping the tank wouldn't slip and plunge into the valley below.

"We tried several times, afterwards, to pull her back on the road, but it was no go. We were about to abandon the tank, but we gave it one more try—and she pulled back onto the road."

At one point during the harrowing ordeal, the tank driver was unable to

Finally he saw a slightly open hatch and he bullied his way in, ordering his "replacement" to climb out.

It seems that, even when things are really rough, a young Marine is touchy about his job and doesn't want anyone else doing it for him.

Sgt. Munsell was awarded the Silver Star Medal for his conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action against the enemy, as a result of his success in bringing out that tank from the Chinese Reds' would-be trap, and spearheading the drive back to Hagaru. The performance of Munsell and his crew was described as an important factor in the Marines' heroic fight against the Chinese attempting to trap and annihilate them.

The tank was met in Hagaru by Lieutenant Colonel Harry T. Milne, commander of the 1st Tank Battalion. A commentary on the attitude of this

veteran officer and his staff on the crew's achievement—and also expressive of the "living conditions," if they can be called that, in beleaguered Hagaru—is the fact that he ordered young O'Sullivan to crawl into his (the colonel's) sleeping bag.

And an officer on his staff hurriedly fixed hot chow for the crew. It's not exactly S. O. P.—standard operating procedure—for officers to cook for enlisted men, but nobody stood on formalities in the frozen hell of North Korea.

The colonel wasn't getting much chance those days to use his sleeping bag, anyway. The extreme sub-zero cold had added new problems. The supply of anti-freeze for the tanks had petered out, and no alcohol was available, so the colonel's men mixed diesel oil and gasoline for anti-freeze. Gasoline, alone, would freeze.

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↑ Tanks sit on a hill above Hoengsong and fire at ridges behind the city

operate it because his feet were badly frost-bitten. Munsell ordered the youthful gun-loader, Pfc Michael J. O'Sullivan, of Flushing, New York, to take over.

O'Sullivan had never driven a tank, but he learned how on the double.

When fumes from the firing of 90-mm. shells overcame O'Sullivan, on another occasion, Munsell pushed him out through a hatch, then went out himself and recruited a substitute gun-loader from among the Marine infantrymen marching along the roadside. O'Sullivan sheepishly grins, now, at the recollection. After awhile, he came to, and began running alongside the tank, hammering his fists on the hatches and shouting, intent on getting his old job back.



One of the tank-infantry teams that had advanced to the north side of Hoengsong is delayed slightly by Red machine gun and small arms fire

TANK TEAMS (cont.)

The cloth diaphragms in the fuel pumps froze, too, so the tank men made new ones of poncho cloth—and they worked.

Finally, they had to run fuel directly to the engines to keep them running. Even so, they had to run the engines ten minutes or more every hour, through the numbing-cold nights, to keep them from freezing.

Col. Milne, who took part in a number of World War II operations in the Pacific as a tank officer, can speak with authority. He believes that the Marine tanks of his one battalion have traveled farther in the Korea fighting than did all the tanks of several Marine tank battalions during several years of war against the Japanese.

For example, he cites the over-the-road travel of his tanks from Pohang to Andong, in the east-central area of South Korea, to points 102 miles north. Other instances of long tank journeys: From Wonsan to Humhung, 70 miles; from Hamhung to Yudam-ni, 60 miles each way; from Chinchang to Wonju, 70 miles.

This does not allow for the tank mileage piled up in combat operations, moreover. The tanks of "A" Company still working in Korea have logged well over a thousand miles of travel—a remarkable endurance record among Marine tanks, although possibly exceeded by Army tanks employed over the far-easier terrain of Europe in 1944 and 1945.

Because the tank men are encased in a protective armor, even in the middle of a fire-fight, and have a peculiarly offensive weapon, they are inclined to develop an extremely aggressive spirit. Hence the tank crews all but froth at the mouth in frustration when they are held in reserve instead of being sent forward to share in the fighting.

As a result, they frequently violate one of the most sacred maxims in any military man's creed: "Never volunteer for anything." It is their way of acknowledging that the infantry leads a much tougher life, and it is their way of trying to even matters as much as possible. However, it would be a mistake to assume that the tank crew lives a privileged life.

The tank battalion never moves into reserve, as do other units. It must stay in support of the infantry continually. The tanker, although living as a rule better than the infantry, shares many of the infantry's battle experiences and is its assault partner.

To early detractors, who announced loudly that American tanks would be no match for the Russian-built T-34's,



Ground-pounders find the back of a tank crowded but a relief from the endless trudging. Forty-six tons of armor is the infantryman's friend

and who said with finality that tanks could not operate effectively in Korea's rough terrain, Marine tank men can point to their own record for rebuttal. The M-26 could be better, they admit; in fact, it's obsolete, but it's superior in the field to the T-34, on the strength of actual records.

An even more obsolescent tank, the M-4, is in Col. Milne's opinion, a match for the much-touted T-34, even though the M-4 mounts a comparatively light 76-mm. gun.

Possibly the final and most expert

judge of the tanks' value in Korea is the infantryman. You need not ask him how he feels about Marine tanks. Just be with him in the line, opposing a strong enemy position. Watch his face when he hears tanks rumbling up from the rear. Listen to his remarks as the high-velocity 90's bite into enemy emplacements. Hear his relieved sigh when he stands a road block at night, and learns he has for company 46 tons of fighting armor. His—the infantryman's—opinion is perhaps the best endorsement of all.

END



With its ugly snout seeking out the enemy, a Marine tank prepares to deliver lethal fire in support of the infantry. Turret men stand ready



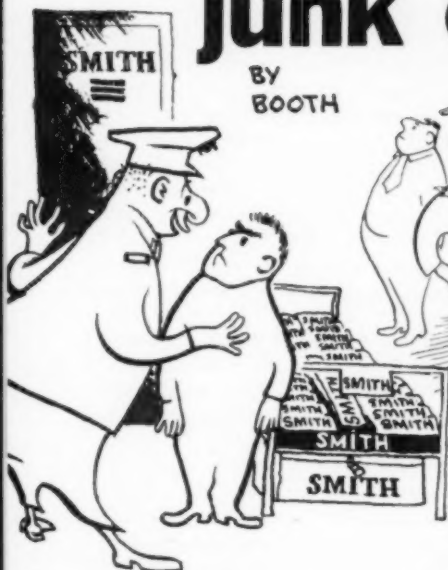
"First of all, Stenchmore, I suggest you go read the bulletin board again!"



"That's getting pretty damn G.I. when they take your name for not having dress blues"

junk on the bunk

BY
BOOTH

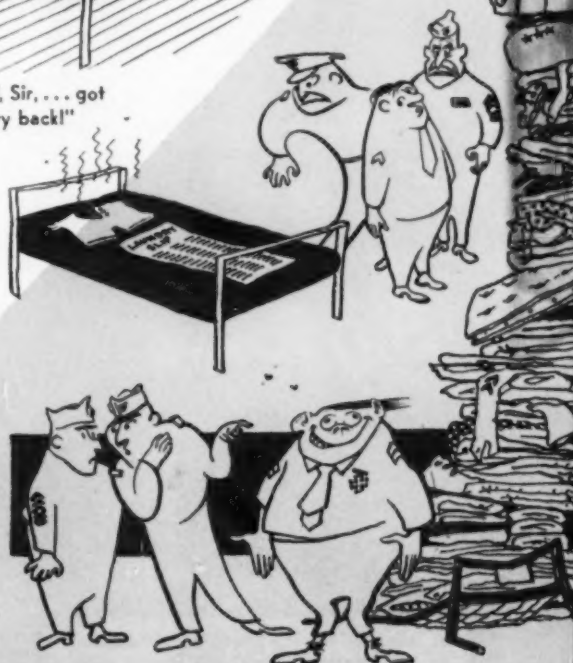


"Looke, Colonel, Sir, ... got the wrong laundry back!"

"And what is your name, young man?"



"Better hurry, Hudsmith, here comes the old man"

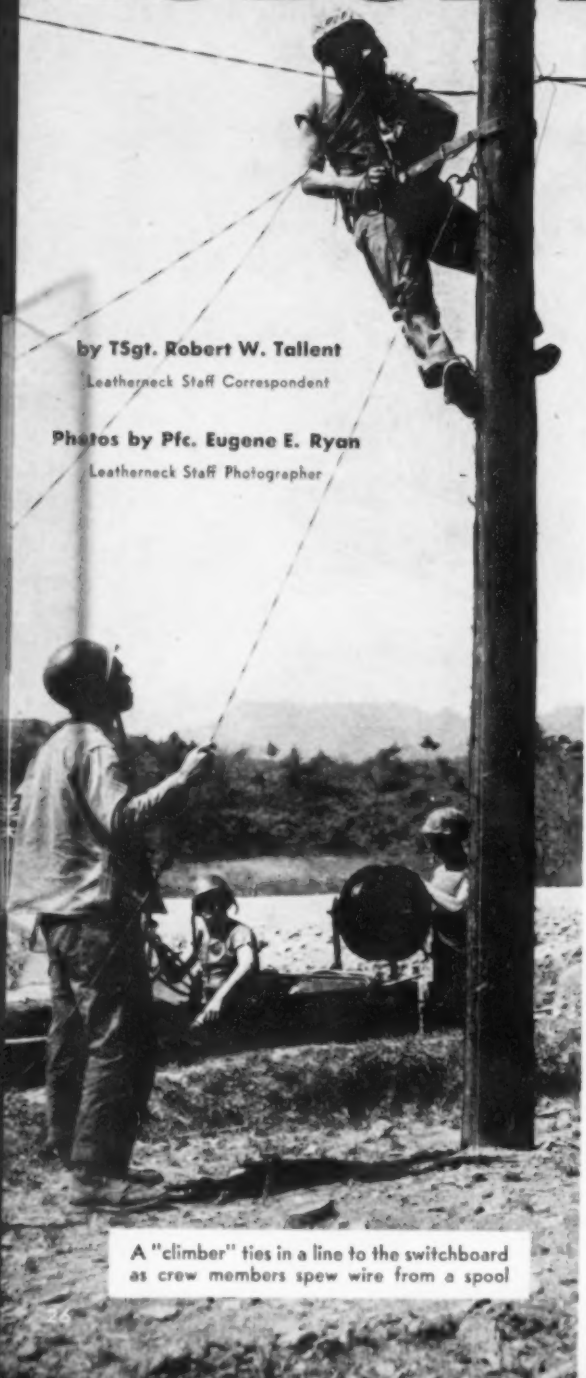


"Is this the Q.M. corporal you referred to?"

THE JOB NOBODY WANTS

by TSgt. Robert W. Tallent
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

Photos by Pfc. Eugene E. Ryan
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



A "climber" ties in a line to the switchboard as crew members spew wire from a spool

LINEMEN Douglas and Booth were at one end of three-mile stretch of telephone wire that was anchored into the switchboard of the First Marine Regiment. They intended to tie the other end of the line into the board of the 2nd Battalion, First Marines. Unfortunately they couldn't find the 2nd Battalion and this was probably due to the fact that Pfc Douglas and Booth were at that moment a little over a half mile in enemy territory.

It wasn't really their fault, they had been given the wrong map coordinates and being comparatively green to combat—it was D plus 1 at Inchon—they had shoved off expecting no trouble in locating the battalion. They had halted at a road junction and talked over the situation. The absence of Marines in the immediate area worried them. While they were discussing their problem, four small khaki-clad individuals boiled around the corner of the intersection.

Obviously they were startled to see the two Marines standing in the middle of the street separated by their big reel of communication wire. For the better part of one split second the two Marines and the four North Koreans stared at each other. The North Koreans went into action. They threw their weapons down and clapped their hands over their heads.

The linemen diffidently patted the four prisoners for auxiliary weapons then went back to studying their original difficulty. It was clear that the 2nd Battalion wasn't in the immediate area and a further search for them, impeded by a quartet of ex-belligerents, would be a bit complicated.

They considered doing away with the prisoners, but that was out, the gunfire might attract more North Koreans and they were satisfied with the number they had. Finally they decided to set the problem on the shoulders of their wire chief, Technical Sergeant Adrain E. Bennett. They cut into the line they were laying and buzzed the CP.

"Hey, Bennett, this is Douglas and Booth, we can't find the 2nd Battalion.

"Keep looking, they're around there somewhere." Bennett replied.

"Well, that's going to be hard to do with these gooks . . ."

"What gooks?" shouted Bennett.

"The four we just captured, what you want us to do with 'em?"



Whenever possible, crew strings wire from poles or trees to avoid breaking by tanks and vehicles



At a road junction, the line crew makes a splice. Com men use teamwork to expedite their task

Laying telephone lines while under enemy fire is rugged duty but trouble shooters keep communication lines operating



A telephone operator plugs away at a temporary switchboard while a crew prepares to tie in all the connections on a permanent installation

"Where in hell are you people?" Bennett rasped into the phone, thoroughly aroused.

The wire chief got the coordinates, rushed over to the S-3 section and hurriedly checked the map. The map had been corrected and Bennett located his errant linemen deep in enemy real estate.

He trotted back to the com area and scooped up the phone, "Look, just don't move. Don't do anything. You're in gook land. We're sending somebody right out."

Getting together a relief force was a problem. Everybody in the CP was working (even if they weren't). Trying to talk somebody into taking a tour in enemy country often takes time and a little persuasion.

Bennett collected Staff Sergeant James L. Wilson, the First Marines chief lineman, and all the spare armament he could locate, and the two Marines boiled up the road in a jeep searching for Douglas and Booth.

They located them and their prisoners a few minutes later. Bennett issued new directions to the linemen, then he and Wilson returned to the CP with the captured soldiers.

"That was the first time we had men get lost," Bennett said recently. "Since then, it has happened more times than I care to count.

"Now when a team goes out, they hunt up the outfit they are going to string wire to first, then they start laying line. It takes longer sometimes and that isn't the way they teach it in the schools back in the States, but that's the way it works best here."

Sgt. Bennett is a husky, 30-year-old

TURN PAGE

THE JOB NOBODY WANTS (cont.)

Floridian who has been doing military telephone work since 1944. Bennett supervises what truck drivers, intelligence officers, riflemen and countless Marines with combat support elements call, "the job nobody wants."

Being a lineman in Korea means rugged work. If you're a lineman you string wire behind the assault platoons, companies and battalions. Sometimes you unreel it from the back end of a jeep, on other occasions you and a buddy haul an 80-pound spool of wire on a rig that looks like a stretcher, up over hills and through valleys where jeeps can't navigate. You make a fine target with the big reel and not many enemy snipers have been known to pass up a chance to take a crack at working linemen. Snipers are hazardous enough, but the thing the linemen dread worse than skulking enemy is the violent death that lies buried along the edges of the roads where they have to lay their lines most of the time. It's like walking on a gigantic, lethal punch-board, hit the right hole and you go home in a basket. Mines give no prizes, no warning, just one loud whammo! There's a nasty cloud of dust and powder smoke that hovers for a few seconds and fades, then corpsmen move in to determine whether you win or lose one of your dog tags. Keeping dog tags together is vitally important to the average Marine, it has top priority—even over knocking off the enemy.

While a lineman lays his wire, he carefully memorizes the position; if the line goes out or gets cut, he's the



The proper installation of a new field switchboard is painstaking work. Two wiremen sift through the snarled lines to find the correct hook-up

one that will have to go out and repair it. It might be in the wet, mucky blackness of night during an artillery barrage or counterattack that the line gets severed, but whenever it happens, the lineman will be on his way minutes later to service it. Regardless of the advances in military radios, telephones are still the primary communication used by field units in Korea. The lives of hundreds of men in battle have depended upon one thin strand of telephone wire threading over ridges and through soggy rice paddies back to a command post. The linemen realize the responsibility that goes with their job and when they get orders to repair a line they move out swiftly, regardless of the conditions and try not to think of the personal danger they will face to complete their mission.

Sometimes the job gets the best of them, battle anxiety sneaks up on anybody exposed to long stretches of danger. Like hospital corpsmen, who are constantly under fire doing their job, linemen seem to recover fast and frequently, are back in action within a few minutes. One case occurred in the First Marines' crew not long ago.

There was plenty of action in the area of the First CP when the telephone man went out to lay his line. He strung about a half mile of wire and got pinned down from three sides. Enemy machine guns probed at him with deadly hot fingers of lead. The lineman flattened behind the dubious shelter of a six-inch pile of rubble wishing he'd never been born. He cut in

on the line he was laying to say farewell to wire chief Bennett.

"Bennett, they're all around me—this looks like the payoff," he yelled into the mouthpiece of the handset. "I can't even lift my head."

Bennett started to speak a word of encouragement when he heard a terrific roar of gunfire buildup.

"Hello...hello..."

No answer.

"Hello...are you okay?" Bennett kept trying.

He felt somebody land in the hole beside him. Paying no attention to the new arrival Bennett kept trying to wring an answer from the phone he was holding.

While he was struggling with the handset the wire chief felt a couple of insistent tugs at his shoulder. Finally a voice shouted in his ear, "Listen, dammit, I'm through, I ain't never going out into anything like that again."

The querulous voice continued as Bennett turned his head, "I'm a married man, I got responsibilities back in the States."

Bennett got a little "shook." He was half ready to write off the speaker at the other end of the line when suddenly the voice turns up at his elbow complete with face and body attached.

"Take it easy for awhile, I'll get somebody else to run the line," Bennett told him as he slid the useless handset into the leather cased EE-8. The wire chief made his way over to Wilson to check on who was available to take a line from the CP. While they were



Corp. E. M. Beach checks the terminal strip leading to the main switchboard

talking Bennett noticed his late "ghost" hook up a new reel of thin combat wire and take off towards the lines.

"Where's he going?" Bennett called to one of the switchboard operators.

"Oh, he's going to try and find that outfit he was looking for awhile ago."

After Hagaru and Koto-ri the determined lineman had to be evacuated due to a bad case of ulcers. In their off moments the line crew still talk about the swift time he made during his dash to the CP. They claim it must have been the world's record for the half mile. This may or may not be true. The half mile has never been run for record with the sprinter toting a CS 34 and TL 13 and T 29.

The CS 34 is the badge of the lineman. It is a leather pouch and in it the lineman carries the tools he uses—a pair of pliers and a folding knife. He wears it strapped to his waist belt and is seldom without it.

Add to these items a weapon and roll of tape and you've got a lineman ready to go shoot trouble anywhere. The experienced trouble shooters take perverse delight in tackling the tough jobs. They groan only when they are sent out on minor stuff like checking the lines in the CP proper. Seasoned linemen are easy to spot in a hot area, they are the ones usually exhibiting the most flippant attitude toward danger and their immediate future as they go about their work. It seems to be a sort of added polish, that they acquire from their constant brushes with fate, like the nonchalance a veteran animal tamer displays before he sticks his head down the gargle hatch of a hungry lion.

Developing a disdainful viewpoint toward the perils of combat takes little doing. When a lineman joins the First Marines he is teamed with one of the older hands who shows him around and checks him out on how to lay wire and live in a combat area. After a week or so the Marine is ready to operate on his own. The wire section has also trained linemen from Marines with basic MOSs. It takes from four to five weeks "on the battleground training" to make a good wireman according to Staff Sergeant James Wilson.

"Right now we have 12 men who joined us without prior telephone experience. Only three of the men had background in communications work to start with, but now they can do any of the jobs that are done by the others who have graduated from the school at Del Mar.

"Two months ago a man joined us from a replacement draft; we trained him; now he's wire team leader with the third battalion. We generally lay wire and shoot trouble in teams of three men," Wilson explained. "Some-



Communicator Sergeant David F. DeVore double checks all connections after a wire team has installed a new switchboard near a Marine CP

times when it's really tough we carry infantry guards with us. We have one wireteam assigned to each battalion plus the teams that operate out of the regimental CP."

Sgt. Wilson has been both a military and civilian telephone lineman. He got into the Marine end of it in 1943 and was with the Fifth Marine Division during the war. After the war he went to work for the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company in Fresno, Calif. He answered the Reserve call last August, joining the First just before the regiment left Camp Pendleton. Obviously sold on telephone work, Wilson, when he talks about the new equipment the First Marines are using in the field today, speaks as though the Corps had made him a personal present of a new "Cad" convertible.

"This new wire we have, has saved us a lot of headaches and the new packs have been a big help. They're called WD-1/TT. We've even laid

wire from helicopters with the new packs, they're much lighter than the old DR-4 110s and easier to handle. The wire is plastic coated and this kind of insulation holds up better than the old stuff. It's too bad we didn't have more of it up at Hagaru last winter. It got so cold up there that the fiber insulation on the old wire would flake apart in your hands. When we shot trouble we had to keep the friction tape right next to our bodies to keep it from freezing up."

When the First Marines move, the regimental wireteams lay down anywhere from 12 to 16 miles of wire depending on the terrain and the general situation. During the move they keep operating on schedule and leap frogging their switchboards. The wiremen all work straight through until the move is finished and all the lines are in. Most of the time they finally secure in the middle of the night then they are free to dig their foxholes and fix

TURN PAGE

THE JOB NOBODY WANTS (cont.)

up their own shelters, unless artillery moves in after the lines are laid. This results in the wire being chewed up and the trouble shooters have to take off into the night leaving a string of mangled oaths to mark their progress in the dark.

Most frequent source of trouble is from tanks maneuvering at night. A turning tank is capable of biting huge chunks out of communication lines. Heavy engineer equipment is dangerous, too, but the engineers make a point of trying to avoid the lines whenever possible. This fact has endeared the 1st Engineer Battalion to the hearts of the linemen. Minor difficulties come from ignorant riflemen who will hack a stretch of communication wire to use as guy lines for a shelter half. Troops doing this are virtually cutting their own security from beneath them, but trying to impress this on them is difficult—as obvious as it appears. Many communication NCOs believe that part of every Marines' basic training should include a talk on the importance of wire security.

Natives in Korea like communication wire for doing odd reconstruction jobs around their homes. They think little of snipping out a 500-foot length of wire for personal use. Tampering with lines was so serious at one time when the First Marines were operating deep in guerrilla country that linemen were ordered to shoot on sight anybody caught meddling with the wires.

In and out of combat, telephone men find steady employment. While other units get rest during lulls or go into reserve, the linemen are always at work. When trouble shooting lets up they go out to reclaim wire from old positions.

"We're busy all the time," Wire Chief Bennett claims, "but the guys seem to like it that way. There's very little gumbeating in our outfit. Most of the men like to operate on their own hook and moving around all the time suits them okay."

"Once in a while these Marines get to feeling that they have a pretty thankless job. This is sometimes the case when we hit the road. Some staff sections that move today seem to think they should have had their phones in and working yesterday. Most of the high ranking officers, however, understand our problems pretty well."

Indication of just how much regard the upper level brass have for work the linemen do was shown recently when Corporal Glen K. Pullins* was presented a Bronze Star for the work

* Just before going to press Leatherneck received a report of the death of Corp. Pullins. He was killed in action in Korea on June 8, 1951.



On a treacherous shooting jaunt, a wire team must travel the length of the line to find the break. Most frequent source of trouble is from tanks



There are spots where even a mechanized mountaineer, the jeep, can't traverse the rugged terrain. Linemen walk a spool to the next phone



A wire crew lights up while waiting for a trouble call. (LtoR) Corp. A. J. Oldakowski, Pfc. T. J. Crooks, Sgt. H. G. Shelton, Pfc J. E. Novak

he did as wireteam leader with the 3rd Battalion, First Marines, during the battle for Seoul in September last year. Pullins, at 22, has worked three years for a civilian telephone company and three years as a Marine lineman, his home is in Leade, South Dakota.

The citation he received lauded him for exposing himself to extreme danger in carrying out his duties, and spoke at length about the fine job he'd done during the battle. Like most of the other linemen Pullins has a little trouble recalling what he did that was so exceptional during the fight for Seoul. His recollections are blurred by similar incidents that happened at Hagaru and Koto-ri.

One incident happened at Seoul that left him with wry memories. It took place when he and his crew were stringing a line to a new position, and got to the designated spot before the unit did. While they were waiting for the outfit to put in an appearance they were spotted by the enemy. The gooks commenced tossing mortar shells at the linemen. Without warning, the first shell hissed in and the three Marines dove for the handiest cover. In Pullins' case it happened to be a sewage ditch. Pullins later described it politely as a honey ditch. For some reason the gooks regarded the (continued on page 53)



Wireman Corp. Glen K. Pullins (later killed in action) got a Bronze Star for exposing himself to extreme danger during the battle of Seoul

11th HOUR ACE



by Ralph Johnson

FUKUOKA lay licking her wounds—Kyushu's largest city—catching her second wind while the September sun bathed her incendiary bomb sores. 1945—the year of sorrow. Hakata harbor, stagnated by mine-dropping B-29s, warehouses filled with war stores never to see battle, the rusting Watanabe Iron Works, and the moat-fronted Western Army Headquarters, unkempt in defeat.

Only the Mikasa Gawa, the silt-laden river born in the rice fields and crag peaks behind the city, hinted of the activity in the sprawling Kyushu Aircraft Company Ltd. seven miles inland—or of the nocturnal hauls on the secondary roads which joined the company and Itazuke air field blanketing once-fertile rice paddies two miles away.

Perhaps the sorrowing Fukuokans could have taken satisfaction from the disappoint-

The short major turned away from his impromptu song leading and beckoned to the orchestra leader

He had pulled strings for five years. Now he wanted to be a hell-for-leather fighter pilot

ment of one Yankee enemy, for he might have exchanged places with any one of them.

Marine First Lieutenant Michael Moss, "Stringy" Moss, was a bitter man as he stood with wide-planted feet on the flight deck of the carrier, *USS Monte Bay*, part of Task Group 54.1. They were 150 miles out of Sasebo. He was a tall slim man with a hawk nose, bony like the body below the broad flat shoulders.

Tomorrow would see the occupation landings of Kyushu, and with them would come the closest contact Stringy Moss had had with war. For that he cursed himself.

His wind-burned forehead knitted with a gnawing fury as his burning eyes stared into the sunset—reliving the circumstances which had robbed him of knowing whether or not he had a man's guts inside when the sulfur stench of bursting battle flak challenged.

To some it had been too much—those moments of near-death when a man's courage is supposed to command reason. Stringy Moss would have liked to find out for himself if he was one of those hell-for-leather soldiers who had built South Carolina's history of fighting men.

Like his dad, he scowled. His dad who had earned the tag of "Hell-raiser-Harry" for his World War I exploits and had spent War II helping develop the naval strategy which had swept the Japanese clear of the Pacific. The dad who had made his own rep and had been partly responsible for his son's acquisition of quite another tag.

To the onlooker "Stringy" meant the rangy, awkward six-foot-two figure which was difficult to fold inside a Corsair cockpit. The real meaning—his face flushed hotly when he thought about it...

String pulling—latching onto the plank-owner jobs in the training stations Stateside until the war dwindled out in the Pacific. He had quit denying it; it had been insinuated so many times.

Three weeks ago—a long time. War over. Occupation next on docket. His orders, cut at Mohave Marine Air Station, had lifted him from the California desert to Ewa at Pearl Harbor. He would join the "Hell's Bells," the fighter squadron which had sown a wide swath of downed Nip planes in the past two years.

"The whole squadron's over at Catalin having themselves a going-out party," the officer of the day had said when he reported in. "You might as well go on over with my jeep driver and get to know them. Shoving off for Japan tomorrow."

"Good idea," he'd answered and hopped in for a brisk ride through V-J Day-celebrating Oahu streets.

They'd welcomed him in. A complete stranger, but another Marine, another fly boy. Everybody high. It didn't matter who he was.

He'd joined a celebrating group at one of the small tables out on the lanai and forgotten the bitterness within him as he sipped a half-gin Tom Collins.

"Who's the major over there by the bar leading the singing?" he asked. The back and the sloping shoulders had a familiar hang.

"Him? Oh, hell, you're really new around here, aren't you? That's Andy Daniels, best damned fighter pilot and squadron leader this side of Miramar."

Stringy stared. There was a cold sickness in his belly, slowly congealing the optimism that had seeped into his veins. Andy Daniels!

THE short major had turned away from his impromptu song leading and was beckoning to the orchestra leader, holding a wobbly index finger to his lips as he whistled through it to still the music.

"Old Andy's really high tonight. Probably make a damn fool of himself," mumbled the pilot at his elbow.

The squadron leader staggered to the mike and pulled it away from the vocalist as the club began to quiet. There were a few isolated chuckles.

"Franship," the major sang thickly into the mike. "Frans and Auld Lang Syne and et set-ter-ra. Old Hell's grow-ing up, gettin'na shot in the arm. Gonna take aboard an old, old pal o' mine tomorry."

The pilot next to Stringy muttered again, "Andy's a good guy. Exec oughtn't let Andy get that plastered."

Stringy nodded in silence, his face paling with a sudden premonition.

"Yep. Scuttlebutt says that tomorrow we get the boost that's gonna help us win the war. This guy knows all the angles, got all the angles, got an old man for an admiral in D. C.; spent five years flying everything the Marine Corps uses for airplanes. All five years

in the bloody skies of the good old USA."

The club filled with laughs. Somebody over by the bar began an imitation of a diving plane and rattled a coke bottle on the bar for the noise of machine guns.

The same old Andy Daniels, the little instructor who'd hated Stringy at Pensacola because his own dad was a so-so master sarge who had seen every Marine Corps action since Nicaragua. Daniels had rubbed him at every opportunity, treating him like dirt, giving him lowest marks on training flights, until some merciful orders had switched the dour little flyer to a fighter pool headed west.

Andy Daniels had held him responsible for that, although Stringy hadn't known about the transfer until the ex-instructor was on his way.

The name, "Stringy," had come on as a result—a vengeful Daniels writing back about it to buddies. The word had spread. Especially when Marine Corps headquarters had kept him training-station bound because he seemed to have a knack of producing above-average pilots as an instructor himself.

Stringy wet thin lips with his drink and stared back at the swaying figure on the small orchestra platform. The half pint with the ruddy face had hated Stringy's height, too. Another thing he'd ridden him for.

The celebrating squadron leader went on, "Yep, tomorrow you'll meet the secret weapon. Old Stringy Moss, the one and only. We'll all turn out and greet him—oh, we'll—." His thick voice changed into song and he attempted to lead the group in a community sing again as the duty officer firmly steered him off the floor.

The pilot on his left twisted around to talk as the normal voice resumed. "Say,—," he paused a moment. "Did you say you were joining our outfit?"

Stringy cleared his throat and felt his Adam's apple bob under his khaki collar. "That's right," he said. "Name's Michael Moss. Stringy Moss, some folks call me."

The tables nearby suddenly quieted. Questioning faces swung around as he snapped the last sentence. Shoving his chair back he stood and ambled belligerently toward the door, his eyes staring ahead.

That was the way most of the trip out had been, a strange aloofness on

TURN PAGE

11th HOUR ACE (cont.)

the part of the majority of the pilots. Only a few had any conversation for him. Daniels had made life miserable. There had been duty of some sort every night aboard ship.

It had served one purpose. It was winning a strange respect from some of the pilots—the kind of respect one has for the underdog who keeps fighting.

There had been anti-submarine patrols to keep the flyers tuned to whatever special needs would crop up during the Baker Two operation, the landings at Sasebo and Nagasaki.

Stringy had drawn three flights. It seemed that everyone had been on deck to pass judgment on his take-offs and landings. "Want you fellows to pick up some smooth flying hints from a veteran," Daniels had said sarcastically after a briefing.

A near disaster clouded his chances to get "in" with the pilots. The third sub patrol ended one late evening, after the destroyers had laid their smoke screens, and it was gusty. The LSO's flags had talked him in as always, hinting of no unusual variance from position. But a gust had caught him, lifting him high and dropping him hard to the deck before a quick throttle could save him.

The impact had jammed a wheel askew and a wing tip ground into the deck timbers before he could right the bucking aircraft.

That night after chow in the ward room Daniels had growled, "Looks like we're getting rusty, boys. Need more practice. Maybe even new carrier qualifications." There had been one or two chuckles as in the Camp Catalin club.

A pink-cheeked youngster took the ball. "You know," he grinned to the poker players across the wardroom table. "I've learned a lot in this Marine Corps. Mostly I think I owe it all to one particular instructor I had. Long tall guy from down South. Told me all about how to knock a Zero down. Way down off the Gulf Coast. Yes—

he could really tell a guy how to knock 'em outta' the wild blue yonder."

Stringy whirled from his chair two tables away. He leaped for the youngster, eyes blazing.

Three pilots grabbed him as he cocked a fist. Their grip was firm. "Damn you," he snarled as he jerked away and strode out.

Now as Lieut. Stringy Moss stood on the gently-rolling flight deck, the pent-up fury of those incidents and the rotten luck he'd had throughout the war wanted to explode into action.

There was a sudden blare of the *Monte Bay's* horn. The squawk box began to blare, "General quarters, general quarters. All hands take your battle stations. Set condition one able." The voice was bored. Dry run.

He checked his wrist watch as the gunners below on the 40-mm. cannons nonchalantly readied them for action. It took them three minutes before they reported in on their phones.

HE wished that he could exchange places with the gunner for one moment, enough to set the trigger tripping, to send a noisy stream of tracers out into the darkness.

"All pilots report to the after ready room," the squawk box said at the end of the practice GQ.

"We expect no resistance," the air officer began to brief.

"Sure," Daniels grinned to the fighter pilot. "War's over. Stringy came out, didn't he?"

"That's enough of that," Stringy heard the group leader whisper.

The air officer continued, "In no case will you fire on a Japanese aircraft except when under direct attack. Elements of the Fifth Marine Division will begin landings tomorrow morning inside Sasebo harbor. Although no use for air support is expected, you will fly the missions as set up in the air support annex to the operation plan. After that you will be assigned courier, anti-sub or mine patrol and CAP missions, to supplement radar coverage which will be blocked by the peaks close to the target, and any other assignments com-

ing down from the commander of the air support control unit.

"All aircraft will fly with full ammo and fuel. Observation of any troop or vehicle movements of any size will be reported immediately over the SAD freq. All Japanese aircraft have been grounded, including those with the green-cross identification. Report immediately any unknown airborne plane."

The briefing was fresh in the mind of Stringy the next morning at 0930 as he hugged his Corsair in tight to the formation at three angels over the murky Kyushu seacoast. A call from CASCU crackled over the headphones, "Fighter one, you will send a two-plane section to the Yawata area on the Shimonoseki Straits. Unidentified aircraft have been reported in the air in that vicinity. Report your observations immediately. Over."

"Roger, wilco," Daniels returned from his fighter on top of the ten-plane staircase.

Stringy's phones popped again with an order which somehow he knew would come just as it did. Daniels clipped, "Moss, you will fly my wing to Yawata. Grayson, you will take over and complete the squadron mission."

Grayson rogered the squadron leader's instruction and Stringy rogered for good measure.

As he tucked his wing off the starboard elevator of Andy Daniel's Corsair for the 80-mile first leg he smiled. After five years of steady flying he was to experience the dubious pleasure of expectation of the unknown lying ahead. Unidentified aircraft, he mused. Good.

His eyes sharpened, peering hard into the gray 4000-foot overcast. Fresh energy added flash responsiveness to his hand on the stick and the plane became a part of him, more so than it had ever been.

Thirty miles north of Sasebo Daniels snapped, "What the devil you doing? Secure the weave. Show's over, and you're too late for a seat. Out."

Stringy flushed as he steadied the plane from the Tach weave of protection on the squadron leader's tail. Those



countless hours of training and instruction had ingrained habits deep into his subconsciousness until they had become mannerisms.

His eyes began to sweep the horizon, searching the fog blanketing the East China Sea off the port wing. The purple islands sticking up through the haze looked like over-sized beach obstacles, still potent and ready to block the final coup of the Yankee.

Off to the right stretched the tapestry landscape of crags floating on mirror rice fields, a never-ending panorama that seemed never to have been a part of war, only a section of a three-dimensional Oriental watercolor. To the front, the overcast was parting to reveal clean blue spots as the clouds broke apart under the spell of the September sun.

They were at 3000 feet with the lofty Hagana Yama five miles back of their port elevators when Stringy found that his eyes had settled on a black dot skirting the mountain tops to the east. He decided it was a bird of prey wheeling near its mountain aerie.

Daniel's fighter slid back even with him and he backed throttle to stay in position. The squadron leader called over the radio, "My engine's out."

A glance saw the windmilling prop over Daniel's cowl. Habit moved Stringy's eyes below, checking the landscape for wind-direction signs. There was a lake, and he saw the smooth spot on the far side.

"We're against a headwind now," he called, his instructor's training moving instinctively to coach in an emergency. He ignored the fact that the squadron leader had coached him when he was still a fledgling.

"Your gliding ratio is 13 to one," he continued. "Keep her at 140 knots."

Daniel's snarl came back. "Lieut. Moss, I'm acquainted with forced landing procedure. Kindly save your instruction for some Boy Scout."

The retort was wasted on him. To the front Fukuoka was growing into shape, a black and rust-spotted intruder sprawled on the green paddies behind the bay. Aft of the city lay the barely-discernible outlines of a camouflaged strip. Itazuke. Only a mind accustomed to digging facts from dull flight manuals would have studied the aerial photos of Kyushu closely enough to remember the dozens of major airfields on the island.

"Pump your gear down, Daniels," Stringy spoke automatically. "Continue straight ahead to the strip behind Fukuoka. Don't use your carbon dioxide emergency lowering system unless you have to."

Perhaps his attention was too concentrated on Daniel's Corsair as it rolled to a stop in the grass off the

strip, or perhaps he was watching the runway ahead of him as he lowered flaps and let his airspeed slow dangerously so that he could brake toward the grounded Corsair.

He didn't see the shadow that whipped over his wing. He only felt the Corsair jump under the impact of the prop blast of a lightning-like aircraft that roared a few feet over his canopy.

Then he was on the runway, fighting the bucking gull-winged fighter to a stop as he stared open-mouthed at the bat-like, tailless aircraft that swept skyward in a beautiful split "s" with sunshine dancing off its pusher prop behind the stubby fuselage. Even as it disappeared in the broken cloud at 4000 he knew that there had been red suns on those green wings.

"The Shindin," he gasped. S-2 had talked about it two months ago but had decided the unconventional interceptor would make no dent in a steam roller aerial offensive. The Japanese had 70-odd types in production. This was another advance design which could not be mass produced in time.



A mud-colored Nip army truck was stopping in front of Daniel's Corsair as Stringy braked 50 yards away. He started to cut the switch but didn't. There were guns in the hands of the soldiers tumbling out of the truck, but they were pointed at the ground.

A movement under the bamboo shelters at the edge of the field attracted his eye. Dozens of sister craft of the Jap fighter above were rolling slowly out on five-wheeled landing gear to turn into a single file moving toward the end of the runway. The vertical fins on their wings and the horizontal submarine-type elevators on the nose of the ships did not suggest that they were in the conventional performance range of ordinary fighter craft.

Daniels was on the wing of his plane, gesturing to a Jap officer on the ground. The squadron leader began to shout Stringy could not hear the voice over his idling engine but he knew from the hands-on-hip stance that something had touched off Daniels' temper.

Suddenly a burly soldier reached up and grabbed Daniels' ankles and pulled. The stubby squadron leader kicked him in the chin and lunged backwards to the cockpit and grabbed the mike.

"Stringy," he shouted over the radio, "Get the hell outta' here. Something's up. Contact CASCU. . ."

The transmission was interrupted as three of the soldiers yanked Daniels loose from his grip on the side of the cockpit. Two soldiers raised their carbines; bullets ripped the skin around Stringy's cockpit.

Action came on fingers driven by an alerted mind—a mind that had learned to function smoothly in any aerial situation.

Stringy's left hand moved with precision, feeding throttle as he shoved his feet into the brakes. As the prop surged toward maximum rpms he slacked his right heel to let the Corsair snap around toward the truck in front of Daniel's Corsair.

A dip of the stick and the tail rose in the blast of the prop. Simultaneously his left hand stretched to the gun charging buttons on the panel. Twist right. Thumb down.

Master armament switch up, a rake under the individual gun switches and the 50s came alive as six blobs of flame belched from the leading edges of the outboard wing panels, hosing a lethal stream over the heads of the startled soldiers.

Daniels' grapples ducked behind the plane to scurry toward the opposite side of the strip and the drainage ditches there. The truck driver followed suit.

Daniels started running, ducking under the hail of lead to sprint past Stringy's Corsair toward the extensive bamboo forest covering the hills behind the plane. He pointed to the sky as he dashed by.

As he dropped the tail and released brakes to roll toward the strip Stringy glanced overhead. The airborne Shindin was circling in vertical banks a couple of thousand feet up.

He found it hard to keep his eyes off the plane's fantastic lines as he shoved wing flaps down to their full 50 degrees. Manifold pressure stretched toward 60 inches war emergency. Elevator tabs four degrees, nose up. He danced the rudder pedals against torque and prayed for enough space as the Corsair roared toward the Shindins crouched like waiting panthers at the downwind end of the runway.

With tail raised high he thumbed the 50's hard. The Nip fighters began to taxi frantically out of his way. The lead Shindin burst into flames under the concentrated fire.

Eyes on the panel again. Airspeed 72 knots. He coaxed the Corsair off with a spongy stick as the runway played out. (continued on page 54)

POSTS OF THE CORPS

MEMPHIS

5 NAVAL AIR STATION ←
CHIEF NAVAL AIR TECH TRAINING
COMMANDING OFFICER *****
NAVAL AIR STATION
COMMANDING OFFICER *****
NAVAL AIR TECH TRAINING CENTER
5 NAVAL AIR RESERVE ↓
TRAINING UNIT ¼ MILE
5 NAVAL HOSPITAL 1 MILE ↓



by Sgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by SSgt. Ed Nierenberg

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

DEEP in the Southland where King Cotton reigns from May to November and bacon and eggs are subject to hominy grits, a Marine garrison guards one of the Navy's largest beaches—the Naval Air Technical Training Center near Memphis, Tennessee.

"Memphis Navy"—local jargon for

the 3000 acres of hangars, runways and schools—trained almost half a million aviation technicians for duty with patrol squadrons and carrier air groups during War II. Its biggest job today is turning recruits into skilled fly-people, qualified to handle any job short of the pilot's seat. The schools graduate more specialists each year than Yale, Georgia

Guarding one of the Navy's largest air stations is an arduous task but Dixie Marines find that good liberty is more than equal compensation



Marine Barracks commander, Captain J. S. Canton, holds daily personnel inspections to insure a sharp military

appearance. On the administrative end (top) he gets assistance from MSgt. W. W. Hutson, the first sergeant

Tech and M.I.T. combined.

Marines man the two main gates and the station brig. A seaman guard unit helps out on the three lesser gates. Honor guards for VIPs, color escorts at Memphis civic shindigs and burial details homaging dead servicemen, modify the routine. On burial assignments, pallbearers and firing squads often travel more than 200 miles into Tennessee, neighboring Mississippi, or Arkansas.

In addition to the routine duties peculiar to Marine garrisons throughout the world, men at Memphis attend

schooling on all basic subjects, weapons and tactics. NCO in charge of training is Master Sergeant Robert C. Mason. Tall, erect and master of a crisp, crescendo voice, Mason is distinctive of the "Old Corps" gunnery sergeant. He formulates the unit's comprehensive training schedule and manages to plan at least **one night** problem a month for the troops. Schooling takes place in field or classroom, depending on the subject.

When they are not "guarding the gate" or attending class, the troops take off on liberty to the nearby metropolis

of Memphis. Small-timers claim Memphis liberty is what you make it; bigger operators compare it to San Francisco or Chicago.

Memphis is a clean, quiet city, the third largest in the South, surpassed only by New Orleans and Houston. It is the cotton center of the country and boasts a number of varied industries. Although the steam packets of Mark Twain's era have long disappeared, the mighty Mississippi River is still a principal mode of transportation.

The prevailing conditions are an abundance of beer parlors, pretty

TURN PAGE

MEMPHIS (cont.)



Southern girls with soft drawls, and friendly townspeople. Expenses vary according to "where and what." Staging the low spots is cheap, but piloting a dance date to the Hotel Peabody or the Claridge can be costly. Beer palaces in town or across the Mississippi in West Memphis, Arkansas, get a large share of the barracks' trade. But no self-respecting Marine would begin a Memphis liberty without checking in at the Town Cafe, a downstairs establishment which offers corn-kicking music in an atmosphere of fraternal comradeship.

Some Marines take their liberty where they find it; others look for new worlds. Weekend explorers from Memphis eventually "discover" Little Rock, St. Louis and New Orleans.

First pay-graders are the only ones who rate wearing civilian clothes aboard the base. Not-so-highly-rated Marines pitch liberty in uniforms and find them more respected in Memphis than in other service towns.

The base is located 19 road miles north of Memphis. Closest coffee counter is in Millington, a small community with fewer stores than Jacksonville, N. C., and fewer streets than Oceanside, Calif. Most personnel bus the distance; a prosperous few sport their own wheels. Route 51—main artery to the base—is a cotton-field-lined highway where the surging backwaters of the Mississippi River swamp



At the Memphis Navy hospital, more than 100 Marines are recovering from wounds received in Korea. They are carried on the barracks rolls

the lowlands each Spring. In Summer-time, the Dixie sun swelters man, jack-ass and boll weevil with equal tenacity.

The Navy area is halved into north and south stations. The naval air station, drill hall, golf course and swimming pool are located in the north section while the south post houses the majority of NATTC's schools and a Marine Barracks.

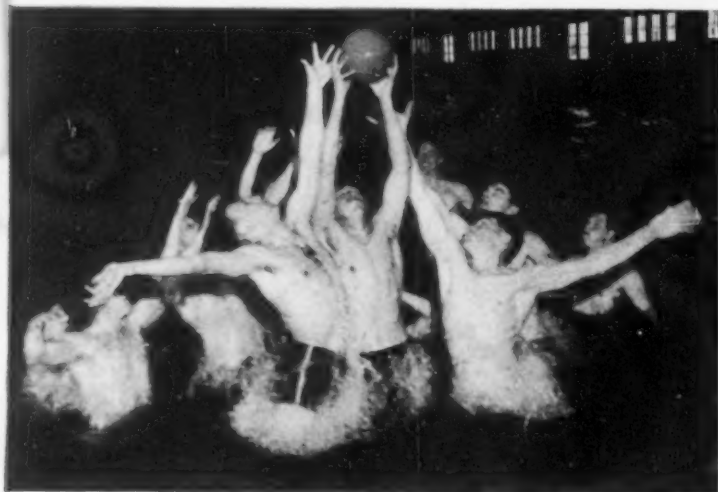
Although the station was established more than eight years ago, the Marine Barracks was not formed until August, 1947. The majority of the original

troopers were transferred to Memphis from Pensacola; others came from Banana River, Fla. Records show First Lieutenant Paul E. Ziegler was the first commanding officer but he was skipper for only two days, pending the arrival of Captain William A. Reno. The present CO, Captain John S. Canton, relieved Capt. Reno in July, 1949.

Capt. Canton is a short man with sharp features. He doubles as station security officer, a full-time job in itself. Born in New York in 1919, he moved to France before he was two years old. He speaks English—in addition to five other languages—with a slight accent. In the early days of War II, he fought with the French Army until evacuated at Dunkirk. Then he returned to America and enlisted in the Marines. He was commissioned in '43 after seeing action in the Solomons.

As security officer, Capt. Canton holds traffic court daily and deals sternly with military personnel who violate traffic regulations. The Shore Patrol—a crew of hashmarked bos'n mates—is under his security command. As CO, he wants—and gets—a crack guard detachment. He holds daily personnel inspections to keep the guard on the ball.

Most of the men stand day on, day off guard duty at Memphis; sergeants fare better—doing one on and three off. On the main gates, they have a reputa-



For recreation, the men try water polo. Jacob's ladder and cargo net at the end of the huge tank are utilized for combat swimming instruction



Of the enlisted men in the detachment, roughly 40 percent are wounded veterans of the Korean war; survivors of the Pusan perimeter, the Inchon-Seoul battle and the fierce "attack in another direction" from Chosin to the sea.

These combat veterans are unusual in that they are not adverse to the routine training offered at Memphis. When the schedule calls for digging practice foxholes, they are the best diggers at Memphis. Maybe it's because they have learned the value of a hole in the ground. It's the same way with weapons training. These men who have tested the M-1 in Korea are more anxious than ever to brush up on its mechanics and its ability to knock off a sneaking, Marine hating Communist.

Even a small detachment can provide its first sergeant with a prodigious amount of annoyances. But Master Sergeant Woodrow H. Hutson, balding, heavy-set first sergeant who joined the Memphis detachment in January of this year, runs his office with methodic efficiency. Part of First Sergeant Hutson's surveillance is deployed in the direction of the Memphis Naval Hospital where more than a hundred Marines are recuperating from wounds received in Korea. The wounded are listed in a casual statue. Hutson calls them "non-changeables."

On-station (continued on page 53)



The rigid training schedule at Memphis includes field tactics and night problems. This gun crew gets in position on the double during dry run



MSgt. R. Mason, the training chief, evaluates the merits of the pistol's safety devices during classroom session, also drafts training schedule

GOD and a GRENADE

by SSgt. Robert W. Tallent
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

**The true story of a captured
Marine's plight after
his outfit had been overrun**

IN a war that sometimes stretches over long tedious days without a shot being swapped, vigilance slacks off and sometimes a bloody price is exacted for a moment's relaxation. This is what happened in the case of Pfc William J. Lantow after his outpost was overrun. He believes he got out of his predicament with the help of God and a grenade.

Lantow is from Claremore, Oklahoma. He got into the Korean war via the Oklahoma City recruiting office, October 14, 1950, Recruit Depot, San Diego, Camp Pendleton and a replacement draft that hit Pusan in the early part of April. Just past 22 years of age, Lantow is five feet, nine inches, tall, brown-haired and liberally sprinkled with freckles across the bridge of his nose. He takes no pleasure in recounting his story, he tells it forthrightly as one of those things that can happen when you're facing the enemy in the Korean war.

Lantow had been with his outfit for over three weeks, in that time they'd had three or four brushes with the enemy. Light fire fights that the Marines don't regard as battles, then came the day when fate stacked the deck.

On the battered, well-creased maps belonging to the platoon leaders of "George" Company, First Marine Regiment, the sprawling hill was identified as 902. Its position was near the 38th parallel in the mountainous, spiny backbone of central Korea.

The company faced the hill after a hard day of probing and searching for

the enemy. From where the Marines lay resting in the fading, Spring sunshine of late afternoon the slopes of 902 seemed to rise like the flanks of the big buildings the men remembered in downtown Los Angeles.

One sweaty machine gunner crushed a cigarette with his boondocker, then

growled, "Do ya think we're going to have to crawl up that thing?"

The answer was short in arriving. Yes. In a hurry, too. Air observers spotted a big body of enemy moving down toward the hill from the north. Orders for battalions and companies crackled through the radio receivers as



"While the gooks were jabbering I took the grenade out of my dungaree jacket"

fast and unmistakably as a burst from a Browning.

The platoon leader of the third platoon, "George" Company, gave his men a quick sketch of the situation before they moved out.

"Chinese are coming toward the hill, we're racing to get possession of that high ground in front of us."

The skirmish line was formed and the Marines moved out hurriedly. They cursed the insecure footing, the lousy real estate they were fighting for, Korea and the war in general. The gumbating slacked off and gave way to panting about a third of the way up the slope and finally to just gasps and grunts. These were expended only when a Marine missed his step and left a little skin hanging on the jutting boulders sprinkling the sides of 902.

The first squad of the third platoon stumbled over the crest, flopped into position on the other side of the hill and swabbed the sweat out of their eyes. The other squads were just behind them. From where they hit the dirt they could see a deep valley immediately in front of them and then another ridge that seemed to interlock with smaller humps and saddlebacks on the right and left. No enemy was in evidence. After a couple of tense minutes the Marines relaxed, they slipped the butt plates of the M-1s from their shoulders and concentrated on getting oxygen back into their scorched lungs.

The word came shortly after, "Dig in for the night."

There was less than an hour of daylight, it was close to 7:30 in the evening. In the sector of the ridge that the third platoon was going to defend, the ground was shaped like a large "L" with a short upper end where a smaller hump extended off from the spine of 902 down into the valley to the front. There was an unoccupied bunker on the tip of the upper part of the snubbed "L" about 150 yards out from the main ridge line. The first squad and an additional fireteam was sent out on the point and strung back to the main line along the short crest.

PFC Bill Lantow, assistant BAR-man, was in the fireteam on the forward part of the point. The four men split up. Lantow and the BAR-man were on the right side of the bunker, and the fireteam leader and rifleman a little to the rear and left of the bunker. They were obscured from each other by the high middle ground and the gun emplacement, the interval separating them was around 30 feet.

The BAR-man and Lantow scooped out a shallow fire pit; then they pitched a makeshift tent out of their shelter

halves. One side was anchored against the high part of the bank on the left, and the other side was propped open for better visibility.

The rest is Lantow's story, he was the only man on the point who wasn't hit during the attack that night.

"We were both pretty tired. Bill, my BAR-man, took the first watch. He asked me if he could use my M-1, he said the BAR was too heavy to stand a watch with. I gave it to him. I guess that was the wrong thing to do, but I didn't think about it at the time.

"Bill had his back propped against the side of the hill at the open end of the tent with my M-1 in his lap, and the BAR right beside him when I got into my sleeping bag. I kept my clothes on.

"I fell right off to sleep. The next thing I knew was when the burp gun opened up and some slugs went through the tent. I got out of my bag and jumped towards Bill who was still kind of sitting against the bank. It was pretty bright; there was a lot of moonlight; it must have been around 9:30 or 10:00 o'clock. I grabbed Bill and tried to shake him, he wasn't asleep, I could feel the blood. Then I tried to get at the BAR, he'd sort of slumped down on it and I couldn't get him off it so I reached for the M-1. My hand got knocked away, there was a Chinese standing over me with a burp gun, he'd slammed me on the arm with it.

"I thought sure he was going to shoot me, too.

"There were a lot more gooks around me, I could see maybe 15 or 20 of 'em right around our position and on down the slope. They were jabbering away and I remembered later there were some whistles, too, but I didn't pay any attention to 'em at the time, I kept waiting for this guy to let me have it.

"He stuck the muzzle of the burp gun hard into my stomach as I stood up, then some other gooks grouped around me.

"They talked back and forth for a minute, then this first Chink with the burp gun hit me in the face with it and forced me down the hill into the valley.

"A couple of gooks moved past us with a light machine gun and when we got into the valley, we passed a place where they were setting up a mortar. There were gooks all over, moving around the valley and yelling at each other. They looked like they were a little fouled up.

"One of the gooks was walking in front of me and four or five others were behind me. They seemed to be in a hurry to get me up over the next ridge. None of them spoke any English but they kept pushing me from behind and hurrying me up. We'd move for

awhile, then stop and wait for a few minutes. It must have taken an hour altogether to get near the top of the ridge. I didn't know what happened to the rest of the guys, our lines hadn't opened up at that time. The gooks were in such a hurry to move me back they didn't even take time to search me.

"I WAS pretty damn well scared during the first few minutes. I didn't even feel the grenade I put in my dungaree jacket the day before bumping against my hip until I started up the ridge. When I realized it was there I started to feel a little better. I couldn't use it right then, there were too many gooks around and the guys behind me were watching like hawks.

"We got over the top of the ridge, then sort of angled off to the left, about 40-50 yards on the other side. The guy in the lead stops and yells something at the ones behind me. They moved around me and started talking in a small group in front of me. It looked like they were having an argument, but I couldn't tell for sure. When I got back to the company some of the boys said they were probably trying to decide whether or not to shoot me—they might have been, I don't know.

"While they were chattering I looked around; there didn't seem to be as many gooks on this side of the ridge as there were on the other. I said to myself, it's now or never!

"The grenade came out of my pocket all right. The gooks didn't seem to be payin' me any mind at all.

"I pulled the pin and tossed it underhanded so it landed right near their feet, or I guess it landed there, I dove off to one side and down the ridge.



Right after I hit the deck the grenade blew. I heard 'em screaming so I guess I wounded some of them. I took off at a run down the slope and into the valley.

"Seems I (continued on page 57)

THE GORYUNOV

The Soviets had weapons trouble until
they developed the dual utility M-43 Goryunov

by Roger Marsh

IN 1939 the Soviets finally gave up their earlier anti-tank rifles, caliber 12.7-mm. when it became apparent that they wouldn't punch even 1" armor. The discontinued models were replaced by the Model 1939 Degtyarov Medium, a belt-fed, gas operated, air cooled weapon. Its adoption, however, meant little advance because the device was complicated, difficult to manufacture, and apparently not adaptable to the rigors of active service. In spite of its obvious advantages of a variable rate of fire (550 RPM for ground use, 1100 RPM for AA) the other features of the weapon made it impractical.

The Russians plodded along with

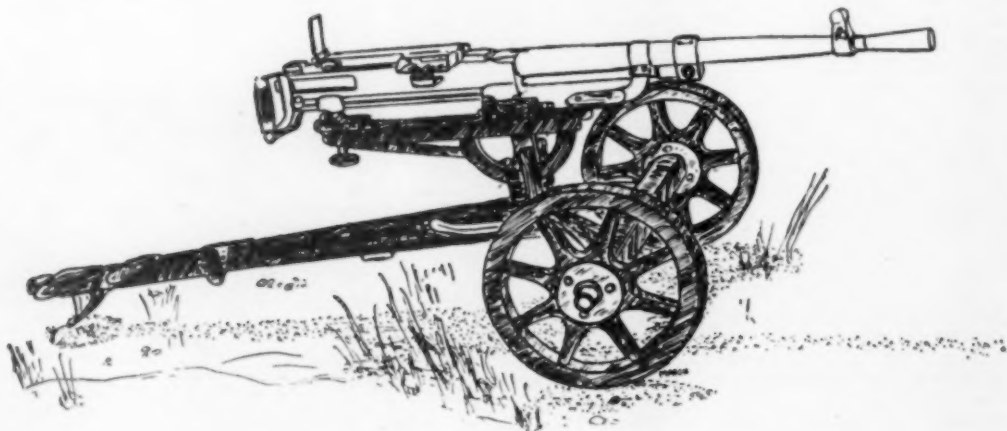
their Degtyarov troubles until 1943. The going was rough and the Degtyarov had proved itself a disappointment. The Goryunov was introduced at an ideal moment.

Like its predecessor, the Goryunov is belt fed, gas operated and air cooled. It has spade grips, a squared-off receiver, barrel handle, high front sight and a flash hider. There the resemblance comes to an end.

The Goryunov, reportedly, has dropped the Degtyarov "twin locking-flap system" and has substituted a one-piece bolt whose rear end tilts to the right to engage a locking recess in the right side of the bolt race.

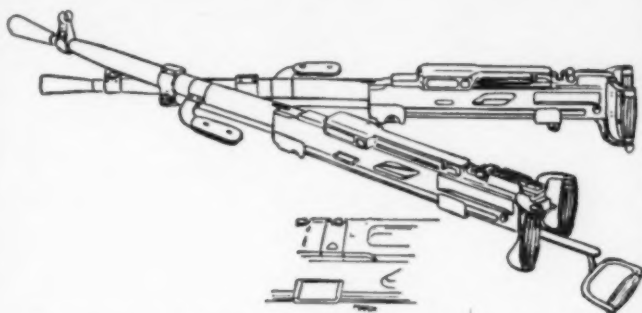
The feed belt is accepted from the

right. However, in the Goryunov, the belt-holding pawls are located in the top of the action cover. The feed pawls are located in the vertical arm of an L-shaped feed slide whose horizontal arm extends through the receiver between the barrel and action slide (visible in side views). The feed slide is apparently actuated by a raised rib in the top of the action slide. As the action slide is driven to the rear, the rib carries the feed slide to the left, carrying a new round into position. The cartridge, withdrawn from the belt, is carried back, dropped into feed position and rammed into the chamber by the bolt. After firing, the empty is carried back by the bolt and kicked out



The finely designed Goryunov is winning respect from ordnance specialists. Its recoil-buffering

device and an improved elevating and traversing system were retained from the earlier M-39 mount



The M-43 is belt fed, gas operated, air cooled. It has spade grips, a squared-off receiver, barrel handle, and flash hider

through the lozenge-shaped ejection port built into the left side of the receiver.

The arm lacks the finned or flanged barrel of the Model 39. Since the Goryunov has a most excellent quick-change barrel system, the added annular cooling rings were undoubtedly considered unnecessary. To change the Goryunov barrel, it is necessary only to open the action cover, release the barrel catch and pull the barrel out. A locating finger in the barrel aligns it with the receiver as a new barrel is inserted, and the lock is reengaged.

Although the Model 43 has the twin spade grips of the Model 39, its firing trip device more closely resembles the firing lever of the original Maxim than it does the rather odd trigger arrangements of the M39.

The Model 43 mount was a partial return to the early Sokolov wheeled mounts. Certain features of the Model 39 mount—the improved elevating and traversing system and the inclusion of a recoil-buffering device—were retained, but instead of being stacked on top of a fixed tripod (as in M39) they were assembled to a simplified wheeled mount.

Russian experience with the Model 1938 mount for the 12.7-mm. M1938 DK gun had demonstrated the desirability of a single mount which would be practical for either ordinary ground use or an AA mount. In the Model 38 mount it was necessary to remove the wheels before swinging the tripod up to AA position. Similarly, the tripod legs of the Model 38 mount, when "bundled" for use with the wheels, probably proved unhandily long for some positions.

The mount for the Model 43 can be

used for either ground or AA fire, but it achieves this dual utility in a remarkably simple manner. In ordinary use and when being moved or towed, the mount trail is locked fully extended and the gun is mounted in its normal position. If the firing site affords limited space, the rear end of the trail may be unlocked and folded under the

front section, where it latches into place. A secondary "spade" is provided for this folded position.

When the gunner feels the need of an anti-aircraft mount, he detaches the gun from its sliding mounts in the regular frame, tips the mount up (with trail extended and locked) so that it rests on its wheels and the top of the shield and then pins the gun into an auxiliary mounting fork provided in the tail of the trail.

Without the shield, this anti-aircraft position is somewhat impractical and more than a little unsteady, but with the shield it is very good indeed.

The gun can be handled with remarkable simplicity. A third spade grip, set horizontally below the two firing grips, is attached to the manual operating slide. The gunner simply pulls this grip to the rear, which cocks the action, then slides it to the forward position again.

Both the gun and mount are finely designed and they're getting increasingly high ratings from ordnance specialists. In the series of light and medium automatics—from the PPSH41 and the PPS43, through the DP and DPM guns to the Model 1943—the Russians have developed weapons which are at least as good as any in the world—and a lot better than most, including some whose names might cause embarrassment.

END



"Yes Sir, I realize you are a Reserve and just called back in but things are different now"



WE-THE MARINES

Edited by
Sgt. Robert A. Suhosky



A long way from "down on the farm" in Marion, Ohio, Staff Sergeant Charles Dudley cultivates an onion bed in his vegetable patch at HQMC

Leatherneck will pay \$5.00 for each
W-T-M item accepted for publication

What—No Bananas?

Noon chow is no problem for "brown baggers" at the Motor Transport Section of Headquarters, Marine Corps. Staff Sergeant Charles G. Dudley, a home-grown farmer from Marion, Ohio, put his early agricultural experience to practical use—for the benefit of bar-

racks bachelors as well as married men living ashore.

Dudley planted a vegetable garden behind the station garage and is now reaping the fruits—and vegetables—of his handiwork. Nomenclature for salad or sandwich is staked neatly row after row: tomatoes, lettuce, onions, peppers and radishes. A rabid "Li'l Abner" fan, Dudley whimsically raised a bumper crop of turnips—Pappy Yokum variety.

Work on the garden began in March

when Dudley cleared the land of dense foliage and undergrowth (weeds). This task required more than 15 hours of back-breaking labor. Since then, he has spent all his spare time cultivating and developing the garden. When he finds it impossible to get out to the "North 40" Dudley gets a helping hand from Master Sergeant James Oldham.

Only things missing are the bread and mayonnaise, readily supplied by the "brown baggers."



Members of the guard of the day at one of the Corps' island duty stations display their new MP equipment



Marine Corps Families of Travis County meet to discuss plans and policies. The Marine is MSgt. Joseph Coreno, Austin, Texas, recruiter

Austin's Own

Out of the darkness of last December, when the men of the First Marine Division battled the Communist hordes from the Changjin Reservoir to the sea, and anxious relatives followed their progress and mounting casualties, the "Marine Corps Families of Travis County" was founded at Austin, Texas.

Born of a real need, this group of relatives and friends of Marines fighting in Korea became a living thing. It became a symbol of brotherly love and understanding, priceless commodities at a time when each day drags on endlessly for loved ones waiting at home.

Led by the father of a young Marine fighting in Korea, former Marine First Lieutenant Emmett Shelton, a small band of parents called a meeting and solicited aid from the local recruiting station. The result was the Marine Pass-the-Word Group. (Later the name was changed to the present title.) The primary aim then was to pass along information concerning Austin Marines fighting with the First Division and to better acquaint the members with the Corps itself.

At the first meeting, Major Fred E.

TURN PAGE



WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

Haynes, officer instructor with the NROTC at Texas University, exhibited Marine films and explained in detail the composition and duties of the Corps.

Local "ham" operators began receiving messages from hospitals in Japan about Austin Marines who had been wounded. Worried families relaxed with the knowledge that their sons were safe.

Other families waited, too, but did not receive any word from Korea. The Christmas rush slowed the mail, but when the news had reached all the apprehensive families, two Austin Marines had died, and many had suffered wounds and frostbite.

But the members had come to know each other and the telephones were busy with people exchanging news from Korea or speculating on what lay ahead for the First Division. Slowly, the wounded from the bitter struggle arrived home, followed later by others on rotation. And when the Marines came home, they told the group what it was like "over there."

They told of how a man feels on his first night in combat, of how the Marines take care of their wounded—and their dead. They told of pet gripes. Sometimes humor cropped up amid desperate circumstances.

From these men, and from the letters of those still fighting, a great warmth has come into the hearts of those who wait at home, a warmth stemming from their own pride—that intangible spirit of the Marines—in the Corps and in the Marine Corps Families.

The organization is active, with a corresponding secretary who writes to wounded Austin Marines in hospitals and a service committee which sends flowers, along with any aid that might be needed, to the families of those who have died.

When a Marine comes home to Austin on leave, another committee provides him with passes to the local baseball games and all the theaters in two local chains. They also help to arrange transportation to his next duty station by automobile or plane, or take him to San Antonio, where most service flights in the area originate.

Helping each other is the keynote of this organization. Recently a message was received that an Austin Marine had been wounded. His family was plagued with worry about the extent of the injury. The "ham" network didn't meet until Monday and the telegram had come on Saturday. The Marine Corps



MSgt. W. A. Lamiray is skeptical but Marguerite C. Herd insists that it didn't hurt to have 22 dental cavities filled to pass the WM's physical

Families placed a call to Japan and had the wounded man on the telephone within two hours' time. He assured his family that his wounds weren't serious, and asked them to notify a family in Mississippi that his buddy was okay, too. The move paid off in peace of mind for more than one family.

Knowledge that someone else has your problem, shares your hopes and your fears, helps to lessen the strain. In these common feelings the members of the Marine Corps Families of Travis County have found an uncommon bond and a strong desire to see an organization similar to theirs in every city and town across the land. Perhaps someday they will.

Sunny Collins, Austin, Texas

Drill, Drill, Drill

A comely, young recruit who recently joined the ranks of Parris Island's fairest, wanted to be a Woman Marine so badly it hurt. The "hurt" came from the 22 dental cavities Marguerite C. Herd, of Royal Oak, Mich., had to have filled before she could meet the physical requirements for enlistment.

It took seven hours of drilling to get Margie's choppers ready in time for her to catch her train to PI. "It wouldn't have been so bad," said Margie, "except for an aching \$147 repair bill."

The 18-year-old lass, who enlisted at Washington, D. C., finds joining the Marines only natural—two brothers preceded her in the Corps.

END



DOROTHY PARTINGTON

Chosen Official Hostess of the
Fifth Marine Division Convention

DATELINE.. KOREA



Front-line drama. A trench, a telephone wire, ankle-deep mud, deadly weapons and Marines

Edited by Sgt. Robert A. Suhosky

"This is MY Rifle"

RIFLE number 6921693 was issued to Pfc Richard E. McDurmin, while en route to Inchon last August. Six months and five weapons later he has been issued the same rifle on the Central Korean front.

"The last time I saw this rifle was in Seoul," McDurmin said. "I ran out of ammo and picked up a weapon some wounded Marine had dropped."

During the capture of Seoul, McDurmin received a Silver Star Medal for "conspicuous gallantry in action" and was awarded the Purple Heart Medal for his wounds.

The rifle he acquired at the South Korean capital was blown to bits by enemy mortars at Sudong, but McDurmin doesn't remember the fate of M-1 #3.

"I lost it somewhere on the way to Chosin Reservoir," he recalled.

In late December the 24-year-old Marine turned in his fourth weapon before being hospitalized.

When he rejoined the Seventh Marine

Regiment he drew rifle number 6921693.

First Marine Division

Careful Man

A Marine replacement draft had just arrived in Korea, and the men were billeted in adjoining tents for their first night near the front lines.

"Say there, corporal," a voice said, "come here just a minute, will you, corporal?"

Immediately the reply came back, "Dammit, man, don't call me corporal over here. You know the Chinese are looking for us NCOs."

First Marine Division

Brother Goose

NEW arrivals to this station are a bit startled, and hurriedly scan the skies the first time they hear the cry of the "wild goose."

This is not a natural phenomenon, just the newest innovation of the flying Leathernecks of the Korean Courier, a section of R4D transport aircraft attached to the First Marine Aircraft Wing.

The "goose" horn, a Japanese bulb



MSgt. D. Courtney, gets a Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service in Korea



Marine trucks move past wrecked vehicle while chasing Communists. Truck was pushed off road by engineers to prevent blocking of traffic

horn, was introduced to take the place of a lot of unnecessary voice transmittal.

On approaching the field, the pilot presses his microphone switch and gives a blast on the horn. One blast requests landing instructions; two blasts signifies the wheels and flaps are down and on the final approach the "goose" gives out with three blasts.

So far the strange call hasn't attracted any wandering ganders to the scene.

First Marine Aircraft Wing

Paradise

THE campsite was abloom with Spring wildflowers, bushes of white spirea lances. On the low hills leading down to a stream the grass had lately greened and leaves were showing on the trees.

"All that's missing is Eve," commented one Marine as he pointed to a sign on the road to the battalion command post. "The Garden of Eden. Owned and operated by 3rd Bn., Fifth Marines."

Up ahead, on a high ridge, two companies were holed in—keeping watch for the Chinese Communists who had melted into the hills after beginning their offensive. But down here, in the

TURN PAGE

It's a game called "Stretch" and idea is to place the foot at the impact point of the knife. Last man standing is winner



Pfc L. Wirgau, uses Korean packboard to help ease the load as he moves up



camp, there was little sign of war. Men lolled on the sandy beach leading down to a swimmin' hole—reminding them of those in other places, at other times. Some were fishing in the stream. Several already had caught fish resembling bass. And some of the men were planning to hunt the quail and pheasant they had seen.

"Best home away from home I've seen," the lad commented, taking his dungaree jacket off for a sun-bath. But he kept his helmet on and his rifle near at hand.

By Private First Class Don E. Thornton
Marine Corps Combat Correspondent
First Marine Division

Out Of The Pan

NEXT time Pfc James C. Treat will look before he leaps.

Loading "dud" shells aboard a truck one day, from ground the enemy had abandoned, Treat suddenly noticed one of them spouting smoke.

"Fire in the hole!" he shouted—the traditional cry of alarm.

While three buddies dove into nearby ditches, Treat took off at top speed across an open field. When he reached what he considered a safe distance, Treat crouched down and waited. Nothing happened. Five minutes crawled by; still no explosion.

Heads began popping out of ditches—and looking anxiously in his direction. His comrades began yelling and frantically waving their arms.

With a horrified gulp, Treat realized his predicament—he had unwittingly



A little "Number One" boy in Korea, dubbed "Hot Rod", stops for a chat with pals; F. Polumbo, Pfc J. Rizzo and Pfc M. Pankiewicz

run for safety into an enemy mine field.

"It took 15 minutes and two mine detectors to get me out of there," Treat recalled. He remembered passing some signs, but was running so fast he wasn't able to read the warnings.

Incidentally, the "dud" didn't explode.

First Marine Division

Thanks, Tanks

WHAT does the inside of a tank look like?" 11-year-old Ronnie Rogers of Coachella, California, wanted to know.

He found an answer in the right place—from fighting Marines on the battlefronts of Korea.

Ronnie is one of hundreds of youngsters throughout the country whose fan letters are keeping Marines smiling—and busy writing replies. His letter, one of many written during an English class at Coachella school, was addressed simply "To a Fighting Marine, First Marine Division, Korea." It was passed along to an infantryman of the Seventh Marine regiment for an answer.

Here's what Ronnie wrote:

"Dear Marine:

"Our English composition today was to write to the Marines. I like to do this because I like the Marines and I think you are doing a good job in Korea. I am 11 years old and I am in the sixth grade. I would like for you to write to me.

"I am a money collector so please send a piece of Korean money. My girl friend's name is Patsy Blue. I hope you are o.k. and I hope you stay that way. Here is a picture of me and I would like a picture of you. I

had better quit because my teacher is picking the letters up.

Good By Marine,
/S/ Ronnie Rogers

P.S. What does it look like inside of a tank?"

The letter got to Pfc Robert Ovarzo who replied quickly, including a "How do you do?" to Ronnie's girl friend and dug up some North and South Korean currency.

A foot-slogging infantryman, Ovarzo didn't know much more about the inside of a tank than Ronnie, but the entire five-man tank crew caught the spirit of the thing, and wound up collaborating on a four-page letter explaining everything about a tank, inside and out.

The five were all veteran Marine tankmen, who had fought at Inchon, the Chosin Reservoir, and Wonju. But on rereading their group letter they realized that for all their experience mere words wouldn't put the picture across to a youngster like Ronnie. For two days, though, they struggled with the explanation. Finally they, too, like Ovarzo, had to go to another kind of expert for aid.

Combat artist Staff Sergeant Floyd A. Snoderly came to the rescue with a finely detailed drawing of a tank's interior.

There was still that request for a photograph. The picture Ronnie had enclosed showed a healthy lad with a wide, friendly smile.

The crew members, grinning broadly, lined up outside their tank, and a Ma-



Drawing by SSgt. Floyd A. Snoderly

A haircut in a Korean barber chair is cheaper than in the old home town



Korean steambath is tolerated by Marines waiting to chase more Reds. Steam is formed by sun shining through after seasonal Korean rains

rine Combat Photographer made the shot. Together with an individual photo of Ovarzo, and the letters, it was forwarded to Ronnie.

"It would have been simpler," quipped one crew member, "to answer a marriage proposal—but not half the fun."

First Marine Division

Rolling Along

A company of the 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marine Regiment was moving down a steep hill during a heavy downpour. The rain made the narrow path slippery, and the men were finding it difficult to stay on their feet.

When the front of the column reached the bottom, the men paused to wait for the rest of the company to catch up. Back along the column came the word: "Let us know when the last man is off the hill."

A few minutes later the answer came back: "The last man is now rolling down the hill."

First Marine Division

Let Me Stay

THE rocket gunner wasn't thinking about medals. His company was under attack and the important thing was to defend the hill.

Shrapnel from a mortar shell had shattered his rocket launcher. One piece of hot, jagged metal ripped across his mouth.

"You want to be evacuated to the aid station?" called the company gunnery sergeant.

"No," came back the quick reply. "Why? Don't you want the Purple Heart?" the gunny asked.

"Hell, no!" retorted the wounded Marine, "just find me another rocket launcher!"

First Marine Division

Hot Time

DID you know that the spout on a Communist Chinese army blowtorch is perfect for cutting holes in doughnuts?

Two men of the Fifth Marine Regiment didn't know either—until they tried it. Corporals Clayton M. Ward and Herman R. Phipps picked up one of the hot boxes as they moved north of the 38th parallel last month.

Besides coming in handy when the mess sergeant gets ambitious, the blowtorch:

Is pleasant puptent company on chilly evenings.

Renders coffee and cold "C" rations pretty hot stuff.

Makes a dandy hurricane-proof cigarette lighter.

Makes night mail-sorting easy. (The corporals are mail orderlies.)

All in all, it's "the handiest tool a Marine could have, next to a can-opener," grinned Ward. "I think one should be issued to every Marine."

First Marine Division

Front Line Baptism

NINE members of Colonel Richard W. Hayward's Fifth Marine Regiment took time off from fight-

ing the enemy to be baptized in the front lines.

At a small altar made of native rock, before a background of fir-covered hills, Chaplain S. Kenneth Johnson performed the ceremonies, witnessed by a congregation of 149 men.

Those baptized were: Pfc Robert E. Long, Pfc Jimmie B. Edwards, Pfc Edward E. Cool, Corporal Alfred E. Dale, Corporal William E. Taylor, Jr., Pfc Ted Hinkley, Pfc Sumner B. Carlson, Pfc J. D. Sarver and Pfc Charles McCoy.

Chaplain Johnson said: "It was the most impressive baptismal ceremony I have ever seen. During the ceremony, artillery fire could be heard in the distance, a Korean funeral procession went past, and one of the Korean houses was flying a flag denoting a birth in the family. It was a complete cycle of life, death, and faith in the Everlasting."

First Marine Division

Rub-A-Dud...

RESOURCEFUL Marines on the central Korean front came up with a new gimmick in the pursuit of cleanliness.

Wear of bathing out of their helmets, Corporal Fred Sefick and Corporal Gerald Reed, members of a Marine reconnaissance company, used an unexploded napalm bomb to good advantage.

The bomb—an aircraft belly tank filled with jellied gasoline—was disarmed, sawed horizontally in half, scrubbed and filled with water. The result: A bathtub.

First Marine Division

END



Drawing by SSgt. Floyd A. Snoderly

A Marine adopts the "Korean Squat" while heating a meal from a little can

BULLETIN BOARD

[continued from page 13]

of the Commandant by separate correspondence.

(g) Exemptions from Combat Organizations

1. There is no provision in the Marine Corps whereby physically qualified personnel may be exempted from assignment to duty at an overseas station; however, the Commandant of the Marine Corps has directed that personnel who have not reached their eighteenth birthday, sole surviving sons (see Marine Corps Memorandum No. 87-50) and personnel twice-wounded during the Korean campaign, provided each wound was of sufficiently serious nature to require hospitalization in excess of forty-eight (48) hours (see Marine Corps Memorandum No. 23-51) will be exempted from assignment to duty in a combat area.

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL C. B. CATES
M. H. SILVERTHORN
Lieutenant General, U.S. Marine Corps
Chief of Staff

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 11]

The movement and employment of supply in Korea has been a difficult one. Let us use what lessons we have been taught to good advantage. Supply is essential. The wrong item at the wrong time may cost some Marines a reprimand. But to the man on the line it's life or death.

TSgt. Joseph A. Francis
Co. "D," 1stEngBn
1stMarDiv.

● This presents one of the most important of the unsolved problems facing the ground combat forces today. The soldier's load, mobility, and supply in the combat zones have been discussed in the military press since early in the last war. No one has presented this subject more fully than Colonel S. L. A. Marshall in his booklet, "The Soldier's Load and the Mobility of a Nation," \$1.00, reviewed in the February, 1951, *Leatherneck*. The Marine Corps still has the problem of individual gear. Foot-lockers, seabags, packs, and extra clothing spread from Cali-

fornia to Korean beaches, and long separated from their owners give ample evidence that a man can't move and fight with anything other than his combat essentials. The supply system has to provide the additions, the replacement items, and the necessities of clothing and equipment when and as needed.—Editor-Pub.

OLD GUNNY EMILY POST

Dear Editor:

As the mother of one present and five future (I hope) Marines, I'd like to express my appreciation of the Old Gunny's remarks, particularly those in the April issue, just received.

As a matter of fact, this month's page makes sense at home in civilian life as well as abroad, and will probably get across to the kids better than anything Emily Post could tell them.

I've never happened to encounter a sloppy, drunken, or ill-mannered Marine; as a matter of fact, I'm sinfully proud of my own, and just a little prejudiced in favor of the whole blessed Corps.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Lena B. Snow

Buckfield, Maine.

● We think the Old Gunny puts out some sound advice, too.—Ed.

"TRIPOLI"

Dear Sir:

We have just seen the movie "Tripoli" in which it inferred that only eight Marines under Lieutenant O'Bannon participated in the battle for Derne.

I believe that there was a larger force engaged in the battle for the city. Would you please answer this and straighten us out.

What we want to know is: How many Marines were there, and was there an amphibious landing with Marines? Thank you.

Sgt. L. D. Hawbaker
Corp. J. R. Bassett
MCCIS-1

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Again the movie was correct. There were only eight Marines in the party. Lieut. Presley W. O'Bannon, one sergeant and six privates. They marched 600 miles overland from Egypt to Derne. It was not an amphibious operation. Complete details of the march and battle can be found in "A History of the U. S. Marine Corps," by Lieutenant Colonel Clyde H. Metcalf.—Ed.

A NEW TYPE HERO IS BORN

Dear Sir:

While most kids nowadays are crazy over Hopalong, etc., not that son of mine. He's just received his latest edition of *Leatherneck* and is so absorbed nothing short of an earthquake will jar him loose till he has finished



Leatherneck Magazine

"WOW! That was a close one!"

the last page. He has kept every edition he has received and goes over and over them like most kids do their funny books. He has reason to be proud of the Marine Corps as he has two big brothers in it. The oldest, Don Beebe, is a corporal in the 1st Marine Air Wing and Pfc Ray Beebe is in the 1st Marine Division.

Ray subscribed for the *Leatherneck* for Dick when he came out of boot camp and we both enjoy reading it. It is a mighty fine magazine.

Wishing you the best of luck, I remain,

The proud Mother of
two very fine Marines.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Edith Beebe

Bakersfield, Calif.

MERCHANT MARINE MEDALS

Sirs:

I cannot obtain information here on the wearing of Merchant Marine medals with the U.S. Marine Corps Uniform.

Will your office inform me if they can be worn or not.

Yours truly,
Pfc James C. Sharp

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● *Yes! Merchant Marine decorations can be worn on the U.S. Marine Corps uniform. Merchant Marine medals authorized to be worn can be found in chapter 49 Marine Corps Manual, plates 47 and 49.—Ed.*

A \$1.05 CAN'T STRETCH TO \$1.15

Dear Sir:

We in the Marine Corps are allowed one dollar and five cents per day for commuted rations, but in return, if we have to stay on the base overnight and eat all three meals at the mess hall, we are charged one dollar and fifteen cents for the three meals. The meals are priced as follows: Breakfast—\$0.29; Dinner—\$0.57; and Supper—\$0.29.

I would like to know how we can be charged more for our meals than we are allowed in commuted rations?

A dissatisfied Brown-Bagger
Name withheld by request.

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● *This is a good question, Sergeant. We hope someone can answer it.—Ed.*

A NAVY PAT ON THE BACK

Hello, Gyrenes:

Just for the record. Attached is a little morale booster to you guys to prove the Navy is still proud to serve with you anywhere, anytime.

This poem was prompted by the wonderful job you guys have been doing in Korea and I'm sure had you been greater in number, the "strategic withdrawal" would not have been necessary.

Keep up your good work and you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

THE JOB NOBODY WANTS

[continued from page 31]

three communicators as a highly important target. They kept tossing mortars at them as fast as they could stuff 'em in the tube. This made it impossible for Pullins to get out of his predicament.

After a period of 30 minutes the enemy started searching for better things and Corp. Pullins struggled out of the noxious gully. Following the episode he worked steadily for three days and nights. When Seoul was secured he was tired, sick and still unwashed. He was also the loneliest man in the communication section.



The doughty Charles Kline of Kinston, North Carolina, who won a Purple Heart stringing wire and was back on the job less than two weeks later, said

more than once he wouldn't swap places with any Marine in the division.

Perhaps it's just the interesting experiences the linemen seem always to be having that makes the work so pleasant. Corporals Thomas J. Crooks and Richard Graham have one to tell—probably the latest and best to date on the central front. They were looking for the 2nd Battalion and they weren't having much luck finding them. For two hours the Marines struggled up and down the hills, searching. When they heard gunfire coming from the next ridge they thought they were getting warm. They climbed their ridge and looked across a low valley. They could see some troops firing from the ridge—and they didn't look like Marines.

"Let's go over there and see if the ROKs have any idea where the Marines are," said Corp. Crooks.

The people on the next ridge knew where the 2nd Battalion. First Marines were, all right. At that moment they were engaging them in a fire fight. The two linemen got within 150 yards of the Chinese flank before they realized their mistake, but they found the 2nd Battalion immediately after that.

Yes, one thing about the job nobody wants, it keeps you on your toes and you get to meet such belligerent people.

END

MEMPHIS

[continued from page 39]

recreation is almost complete with a Navy-owned theater, pool room, hobby shop, picnic grove, combination beer hall-cafeteria and petty officers' club. All these activities are open to Marines on the base. The men also have a recreation room in the barracks where they lounge in comfort while watching television on a set they bought themselves.

The guard detachment, often complimented for its striking military appearance, licked the problem of expensive pressing jobs by installing its own steam pressing machine in the barracks.

Married men find living conditions good. Although housing near the station is available at fair rentals, most family men prefer to live in the city. Quarters on the station are limited to top pay graders. Commissary facilities are available to all married personnel.

Unlike most Marine units, Memphis does not have a bulldog for its mascot. Instead, the detachment prefers a full-blooded boxer named "Kirk." He was a gift from the widow of the late Rear Admiral Ernest Gunther, for whom the barracks rendered military funeral services. Kirk is a gentle canine most

of the time, but his record book carries a terse account of how he was awarded the Purple Heart "for wounds received while engaged in combat with an alien German police dog." Since it was a dog-fight, someone thought he should be recommended for the Air Medal, but the recommendation was disapproved.

Recently Kirk was doghoused for excavating a newly-planted flower bed. Now he's a PAL.

Hundreds of civilian employees and military personnel drive through the gates of the base each day. To keep pilfering at a minimum, Sergeant Harry S. Loftin, who stands commander of the guard every day, carefully supervises "spot-check" searching of cars that leave the base at quitting time. Loftin is relieved at 1630 by the security duty officer, a watch rotated among the officers and Staff NCOs of the barracks.

Duty at Memphis is good, if the number of requests for transfer there is an indication. Marine Corps policy gives wounded men their choice of duty when they are released from the hospitals. Exigencies come first, but wherever possible the requests are fulfilled. Three-fourths of the Marines out of the Memphis naval hospital wards want duty at the Marine Barracks—Memphis.

END

11th HOUR ACE

[continued from page 35]

The fighter munched a few feet off the ground with nose high, then as the burning Shindin whirled by inches beneath him he dipped forward stick to skim the rice paddies beyond. The air-speed rose quickly when he raised flaps.

"A rubberneck lives longest." He remembered the oft-quoted reminder he had given a hundred students. The rear vision mirror showed the airborne Shindin following at 1000 feet about a quarter mile back, waiting to pounce the moment the Corsair cleared the populated countryside.

"We'll see about that, brother," Stringy muttered as he rammed the throttle forward through the water injection micro switch.

As the tachometer climbed toward 2700 rpm's war emergency power he flicked on the VHF, channel C. Even as he did it he realized that the very high frequency would not clear the mountain obstacles separating him and the task force unloading Sasebo harbor.

The altimeter showed 500—the ground sliding past like the waters of a smooth-bottomed river. He checked the mirrors again for the Shindin. Gone.

The shower of tracers racing over the canopy came just before the chatter of machine guns. "When you hear machine gun fire in an airplane," the training manual said, "you're too close."

The bursts sifted closer. Then a staccato rapping as they clipped the alclad skin of the port wing.

IAS 310 knots. Enough.

Yanking the stick back as abruptly as he dared he shot toward the cloud over. When the mist swallowed him he had a fleeting glimpse of the Shindin 300 yards behind, following like a trailer.

His right foot jabbed rudder as he leaned the stick hard to starboard and steeled himself for a near blackout as the Corsair whipped around, its wings shuddering from the strain. Another moment and he was level with the compass needle settling on 225, and a gauntlet run to Sasebo.

The overcast thinned out into broken stratus rapidly. He was in clear sky when he picked up the mike again to warn the task group of those Japanese fighters behind, probably already gathering into attack formation.

"Hello, uncle. Hello, uncle. This is fox one zero. Over."

The static jarred his ears and he fumbled with the sensitivity control knob. A weak answer. "This is uncle. Go ahead fox one zero. Over."

"Fox one zero—am over Fukuoka area. Jap —."

A hundred trip hammer blows slammed the armor plate behind his back. A blast at his right elbow and the radio control boxes exploded as a slug spun around the armor.

Conditioned responses flipped starboard stick and rudder but cool reasoning intercepted to turn the movement into a feint. He felt his belly rise to his neck then plummet to his seat as he snapped the fighter into a port turn.

He saw the Shindin try to follow, then continue on its starboard tack.

As he worked the stick even tighter into his middle he saw the Shindin swinging around in as tight a circle in the opposite direction. Frontal attack.

Nerve and guts provide the tactics now, he smiled grimly, as he snapped the wings level and watched the round fuselage with the rudder-tipped wings mushroom in his gun sight reticule.

The Jap's 13-mm's began to blink and become hot steel as his right wing



and become hot steel as his right wing jumped under the steady rain of bullets.

Closer. First burst must count. Now!

He thumbed the trigger on the control stick—the 50's began to home.

He flared up as the Shindin exploded.

Leveling, he swung onto the 225 heading again and tried to spot the black dots in the sky over Itazuke which he knew were there. It would be an attack more infamous than Pearl.

Time for coal pouring. He lowered the nose slightly, for the few knots gravity would add, and streaked for Sasebo. With a dead radio there was only one way to warn those exposed ships and landing craft. There would be no time for a dropped note aboard a flagship or a landing.

Only time for one thing. The thought of it chilled him and left him with a cold dread which would not become fear until it happened.

Roar through those ships with guns blazing! Only a direct attack would sound general quarters and condition red quickly enough for working gunners to ready an anti-aircraft defense.

Daniels would smile at him now if

he could see—the string-pulling war dodger trying to edge in on the last skirmish—riding the bandwagon when the parade was over. Yeah, Daniels would get drunk again—"Stringy Moss rode the tail-end glory wagon to war"—a war he started all over by himself.

A horrible thought struck him. Suppose those Shindins were being ferried to another field specified by American occupation authorities. The melodramatic air raid warning would be an anticlimax to his already unspectacular military record.

The direct attack by the Shindin in the sky—that could have been some die-hard Kamikaze who refused to say quits, like the Pacific island garrison who would keep fighting for months.

A foolish move here in Japan and the populace could be stirred to fanatical resistance if they thought an army of barbarians was moving in to destroy them.

A careful search of the mirrors showed no specks in the sky behind and he felt the uneasy hand of indecision arguing with reasoning. Those soldiers on the ground back there—they had opened fire.

The small seacoast village of Imari slid by 3000 feet below. Minutes now to Sasebo harbor and the task group. If there were Jap fighters back there they were invisible.

For the first time he felt the taut belly muscles binding his middle. His lips were dry. He straightened his right fingers by the stick and watched them tremble involuntarily. He stiffened the finger muscles, but they still trembled.

There was smoke ahead, rising from a busy harbor behind the hills. Sasebo would be choked with American shipping now. Gunners would be loading landing craft with occupation supplies. Guns would be secured while the work was going on. Probably the first echelons of the landing forces were ashore and the welcome of the Japanese there would further lower battle guards.

A phrase from training came back to him. "Follow through. Don't change decisions."

His hand steadied on the stick as he cleared the last line of hills surrounding the harbor. He swerved from the course that would take him over the seaplane base on the peninsula in the center of the harbor and came around in a fast shallow bank toward Sasebo proper and the inner harbor.

As he swept over the rusty ruins of the fire-bombed city he saw a small Nip oil lugger anchored beyond the dry-docks, surrounded by American ships.

He slid the Corsair's wings level to settle into a flat run. This would take precision gunnery, marksmanship that only a master could perform—or everlasting training. (continued on page 56)

MAIL CALL

[continued from page 9]

Doris Jean Taylor and Margaret Ann Payne, 513 Pierce St., Amarillo, Tex., want to hear from anyone knowing present whereabouts of ex-Marine Richard Leon Sanders.

Fred Vander Kuur, Gregory, S. Dak., would like to hear from any of his buddies who served with him in Plt. 206 in '45.

Richard Dwight Spoor, Box 154, Johns Hopkins U., Baltimore, Md., wants to hear from Sgt. Dwight Milo Martindale, formerly of NOB, Kodiak, Alaska.

SSgt. Charles Johnson, 8th Gen. Supply Co., Service Command, FMF, Camp Lejeune, N. C., wants to contact MSgt. Jay W. McClarren, MCS, Quantico, Va.

Chester M. Kennison, Culver Ave., Albany 5, N. Y., would like to hear from any of the men who served in Weapons Co., 5th Marines, from Sept. '46 until Sept. '47.

Mrs. Sarah E. Watson, 65 Shady Brook Rd., Cincinnati, O., would like to hear from anyone now serving with the 1st Mar. Div., who served with that organization during WW II and knew her son, the late Pfc Frederick A. Smith.

Mrs. Bernice Uhle, 1435 Sullivan Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo., wants to hear from buddies of her brother, Pfc Joseph J. Knox, reported killed in Korea.

Pfc J. R. Ossanna, 16 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn 17, N. Y., wants to contact any member of the 1st Platoon, "D" Co., 19th Inf. Bn. Brooklyn was its former base.

Miss Violet Carter, 4750 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., wants to hear from anyone who knew her brother, Pfc Horace J. Carter, reported killed in Korea.

F. V. Hall, Gen. Del., La Mesa, Calif., wants to hear from James Vincent Kuykendall, former paratrooper, who attended school at Lakehurst, N. J., in June, '41.

L. Ryan, 201 Manlin House, Harrison St., Johannesburg, S. Africa, wishes to hear from men who served aboard the USS *Providence* CL 82 during '45 and '46, especially MSgt. T. Mitchell, SSgt. C. C. Reynolds and Sgt. Reddish.

Pfc Paul Class, "A" Btty., 1st Bn., 10th Marines, 2nd Mar. Div., Camp Lejeune, N. C., wants to hear from Sgt. Al Herndon.

Mrs. Michael Baker, 441 Wayne St., Mansfield, Ohio, wishes to hear from anyone who served with her son, Corp. Boris Baker, reported killed in Korea,

Nov. 28, '50. Corp. Baker served with "A" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines. Mrs. Baker would especially like to hear from Sgt. Henry Adanis and Corp. Groves.

Miss Frances Gilbanks, 1212 Carroll St., Susanville, Calif., wishes to exchange correspondence with any lonely Marine.

Corp. William Walton, Jr., MD, Navy 961, c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, Calif., wishes to hear from Corp. Clinton Herrington of Boston, Mass., and Pfc Norman Hodges of Kentucky.

Mrs. E. Schneider, 11 Lincoln Ave., Livingston, N. J., wants to hear from anyone who served with her son, Pfc Edward C. Schneider, reported missing in action Nov. 28, '50. Pfc Schneider served with "D" Co., 2nd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

SSgt. J. L. Snyder, 825 W. Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia 40, Pa., wishes

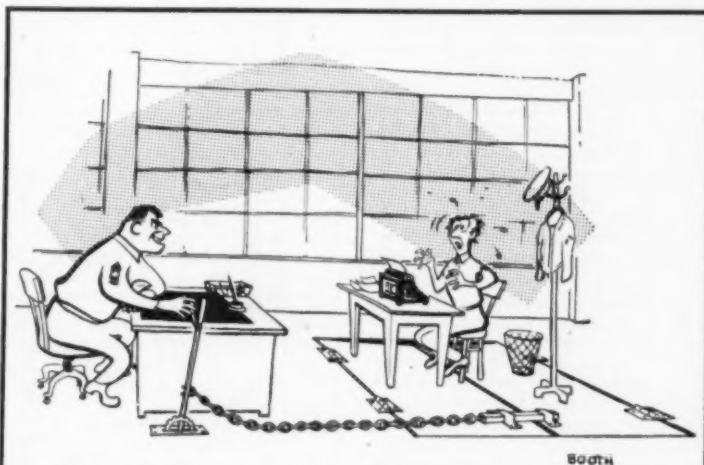
to hear from men who served in "D" Co., 4th Tank Bn., 4th Mar. Div., during WW II.

Mrs. James H. Ward, 1809 Moss St., N. Little Rock, Ark., wishes to hear from anyone who served with her son, Corp. James H. Ward, reported missing in action in Korea, Dec. 1, '50. Corp. Ward served with "M" Btty., 4th Bn., 11th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Former SSgt. Edward S. Grondzik, 26 Parkview Dr., Plantsville, Conn., would like to hear from anyone who served with him in "B" Co., 21st Marine Motor Transport, from '41 through '45.

Mrs. George Suec, 5041 Carpenter Rd., Flint, Mich., would like to hear from anyone who has information concerning the death of her husband, Pfc George Suec, reported killed in Korea, Sept. 24, '50. Pfc Suec served with "D" Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)



"Did I understand you correctly, Herndon—you said you forgot to send Leatherneck my change of address?"

IF YOUR ADDRESS IS CHANGED FILL OUT COUPON BELOW

CHANGE OF ADDRESS CARD

Name (Print) _____	
NEW ADDRESS	
Street _____	
City _____	State _____
OLD ADDRESS	
Street _____	
City _____	State _____

Mail it to: the LEATHERNECK, Headquarters, Marine Corps, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

11th HOUR ACE

[continued from page 54]

It would be a miracle if ricocheting bullets missed the congested shipping.

The rusty lugger loomed big like the Shindin. Right thumb rammed the stick trigger. The 50's spewed a hectic shower of tracers which somehow managed to pull together into a single pinhead in the center of the lugger.

A silent puff of greasy smoke and the lugger was burning. As he screamed over the American ships he saw scores of upturned, astonished faces. Then gunners dropping supplies to race toward gun sponsons.

A flare out, and he jockeyed the Corsair in a run down the middle of the six-mile harbor. Short bursts ripped the harbor surface into foamy cascades in front of cruising landing craft, anchored destroyers, an Alaska-type heavy cruiser, and a scattering of unloading KA and PA transports.

He flat-hatted between two destroyers at the end of the harbor and zoomed over the narrow channel into Omura Wan.

As he swung in a lazy 180 at 2000 and prepared to repeat the run from the opposite direction, he searched the sky to the northeast. There seemed to be dots in the sky there but he was not sure.

Sweeping down again into the ships he glimpsed "two" pennants running up flag hoists to signal flash blue. Squawk boxes would be sounding. "Set condition one easy, able able. Air attack probable. Unidentified aircraft."

Twenty millimeter tracers began to flash from the smoke puffs over the gun sponsons below. There was an explosion off the port wing tip and he felt a shattered elevator. There would be no Pearl Harbor repeat.

There WERE real specks over Sasebo now! A long dotted line in the sky. They didn't have to be imagined.

Zebra flags—flash red, air raid imminent—were soaring up hoists before he was halfway up the harbor. White puffs as ship whistles shrilled their ten-second audio signals.

The controls began to wobble and he fed right rudder to lift the injured port wing high as he nosed the Corsair for the sky, working the last horsepower from the Pratt and Whitney double wasp.

The engine was aflame when he rolled to his back at 4000, shucked the straps and dropped free. The chute canopy billowed above him a few seconds later and he was falling through a sky gone crazy with thundering aircraft and acrid shell bursts.

As he watched he felt the belly muscles under the chute straps losing their tenseness. The "buck fever" of first battle was gone and in its place was a comfortable easiness. He knew without looking that the fingers on the shroud lines above were trembling again. It was satisfying—a good feeling to know that he had come through like a man ought to.

The Shindins had not expected the blast that met them. A dozen black smoke plumes in the town below marked the initial successes of alerted American anti-aircraft gunners.

One of the green fighters with red suns was roaring up out of the melee over the harbor and was banking toward him...

"Oh, they picked me up next day—Fifth Division boys. Black dragons threw in the sponge after their fighters took such a licking down here in the harbor."

"Next day?"

"Sure, you've been out a week."

"How'd I get here?"

"Swabbies fished you outta the harbor. Said you made quite a show down here. They were all getting set to blast hell outta you when they saw the Nippers coming. Admiral says I'm to stick a ribbon on you when you're navigating."

Daniels paused a moment. The hard lines around his eyes loosened. His voice was not harsh when he continued, "Yep. It's a good idea. Saw the little



The sick bay of the *Monte Bay* reeked with medicinal alcohol when Stringy Moss slowly awakened from the coma induced by a grazing slug. His head was still groggy.

The figures by the sack were blurs with white clothes. It took several minutes to distinguish them. One doctor—two doctors—a corpsman and—squadron leader Andy Daniels!

"How'd you get here?" Stringy murmured through dry lips.

"Brother, you sure look good," Daniels growled and smiled down at the lanky flier. "Thought you were scratched."

"How'd na hell you get here?" Stringy muttered again and flexed stiff-muscled arms to raise on one elbow.

show over Itazuke myself from down in a damn bamboo thicket. Looked good."

He turned and moved to the passageway but turned before leaving. "One thing," he snapped in his old voice, "you be ready for duty by Saturday."

"Duty?" Stringy grunted.

"Yep. Boy's gonna throw a luau—beer bust—up at some Nip military club above town."

Stringy interrupted, scowling, "What the hell you want me to do—duty officer?"

The squadron leader grinned. "Nope. Boy's gonna welcome a new fly boy to the outfit. Gonna do it up right this time. Tall stringy guy who came out here after the war—and tried to get it started all over again."

END

GOD AND A GRENADE

[continued from page 41]

must have run a couple of blocks or so, then I dropped down and laid still and tried to get my bearings. I could hear a lot of firing from the lines now. Every once in awhile some Chinese moved past me. They didn't worry me as much as our 105s—they started coming in pretty fast. I shifted position three or four times. No round landed really close to me, just close enough to make me wish I had my helmet.

"After awhile I started to make my way back over the ridge toward our lines. I could make out 902 plainly and there, almost right in front of me, was the nose where we'd had our outpost. The chinks were still there as well as in the valley. I could spot 'em standing out against the sky. It made me wish I had my M-1 as well as a helmet.

"After watching awhile I figured I couldn't make my way through them right at that spot so I backed off and went down the valley ways to what would be the right side of our lines. There weren't any chinks around me when I stopped but there was plenty of firing from my platoon on the ridge.

"It got pretty cold in that valley. The 105s hadn't let up any and I stayed there and shivered and prayed and shivered and prayed. I still didn't

have any idea what time it was. I tried to figure it out. If the Chinese got me around 10:00 o'clock I must have been with them for about an hour and a half—maybe two—then it took another three hours to get back into the valley in front of our lines, I figured it must be around 2:00 in the morning.

"Don't know for sure whether I was right or not, all I do know is that after a long, long time it started getting light. There was still plenty of firing coming from the line up on the hill. Thought for sure they'd probably shoot me before I could let 'em know who I was.

"Well, I started snooping and pooping up that hill, it looked even higher going up it from this side than it did climbing it the day before. I took it slow.

"I crawled and crawled. There was a helluva lot of firing going on, but none of it hit close to me. Pretty soon I spotted one of our light 30s in position, a little ways ahead of me. They were firing off toward where we'd been hit on the point. Off and on, the gun kept firing. Between bursts I yelled at them. I guess I was only about 60 feet away.

"I'm Pfc Lantow, first squad, third platoon, George Company," I yelled at them.

"The gunners didn't pay any attention to me, they just ripped off a couple of more bursts toward the left front.

"I tried again. Didn't make out.

"Damn it to hell, I'm a Marine, Pfc Lantow, let me through," I said finally.

That got 'em. After a minute or so

one of the boys on the gun said, 'C'mon ahead.'

"I got up and ran to the gun position, they didn't pay much attention to me, didn't look as though they even cared whether I was a chink or not.

"I found the platoon CP in the same place as the night before—on the line and just behind the nose where we'd been out on the point.

"It was a good thing that I got back through the line right after sunrise, the Corsairs started working over the valley I was in as soon as it got light. I don't think I could have gotten away from them.

"When I reported in, the lieutenant was surprised to see me. Most of the guys thought I'd been either wounded or killed. Anyway, I didn't have a weapon; when the guys went out to recover the bodies on the point they found the Chinese had smashed it. Bill's BAR was still under him, untouched, and the pistol he'd worn was still in the holster. I helped move the wounded and dead to the rear that morning, then we were ordered to make the big drawback to the mountains below Chun Chon.

"After that we went into reserve, then we got some replacements in. We have a first squad again now and I'm a fireteam leader. I know I made some mistakes that night I won't make again. I don't think it was luck that got me out of that mess, only God could've done that and that's what I told the men in my fireteam. I also gave 'em the word on grenades, we're all carrying them."

END

MAIL CALL

[continued from page 55]

Leon Jordon, Austin, Pa., would like to hear from anyone knowing present whereabouts of Sgt. Robert Scheenian.

Mrs. and Mr. Carl L. Minser, 837 S. Grand Ave., Springfield, Ill., want to hear from anyone who knew their son, Pfc Robert Minser, reported killed in Korea.

Mrs. Pearl Gewelis, 109 Franklin St., Haverhill, Mass., wants to hear from buddies of her late son, Pfc Basil W. Gewelis, reported killed in Korea, Dec. 1, 1950.

Mrs. M. Grubsick, 1055 Millman St., Peoria, Ill., wishes to correspond with parents whose sons were reported missing in action in Korea on January 31, 1951. Her son, Corp. Michael Carl Grubsick, was reported missing on that date.

Former Marine Raymond Leire, 2 Palmer St., Danielson, Conn., wishes to correspond with any of his buddies who served with him in the Marine Corps.

Harold Ferguson, 2321-25 St. Drive, Topeka, Kans., wants to hear from some of his former buddies who served with him in Co. "I," 3rd Bn., 6th Marines, '42-45. Also to hear from Howard Morton of Kansas City, Mo., or Kans.

Mrs. Laura E. Weidner, Scheffering Rd., Boothwyn, Pa., would like to hear from anyone who served with her late grandson, Pfc Leonard P. Carter, reported killed in Korea, Dec. 3, 1950.

Corp. Roger C. Anderson, "A" Co., 1st Amphib Truck Bn., 1st Mar. Div., c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, Calif., wishes to hear from Sgt. Irvin R. "Dude" Stone, formerly of the Mar. Det. USS Topeka CP 67, or from anyone knowing his present address.

Bob Deierlein, 550 Third Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y., wishes to hear from

anyone who served in Maint. Co., 1st Com. Ser. Grp. on Guam, during '48, especially "Fireman" Hambleton.

Pfc Gerald M. Gillespie, "B" Co., 1st Bn., 2nd Marines, 2nd Mar. Div., Camp Lejeune, N. C., would like to hear from Henry Gurski, formerly of New Britain, Conn.

F. L. Petterson, Climax, Kans., wishes to hear from anyone who served with his son, Philip Petterson, reported killed in Korea. Would especially like to hear from men who went through boot camp with him in Platoon 33, MCRD, San Diego, during Oct. '49.

Mrs. N. J. Neary, Lance Creek, Wyo., wants to hear from Pfc Philip P. Neary, or from anyone who has news concerning his present whereabouts.

Pfc Dalton E. Leese, 4.2 Mortar Co., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div., wants to hear from Pfc Roger Lee, believed to be somewhere in Korea; or from any of his family who live in Baltimore, Md.

END



LETTER FROM A MARINE

by Sgt. Albert Currier

Sgt. Albert Currier, 28-year-old veteran of World War II, is a patient at Chelsea Naval Hospital where he has been recovering from severe head wounds received while serving with E Company, 2nd Battalion, Seventh Regiment, First Marine Division at Chosin Reservoir, Korea. He wrote this letter to parents telling them what the Marine Corps has meant to him.

Dear Father and Mother of a son who soon may enter service:

I know it's tough to see your boy leave home to enter military service, but, believe me, the forces that threaten our American way of life aren't fooling. Even though you realize this, you're probably lying awake nights wondering what is best for your boy to do.

Perhaps, as you read this, you'll wonder how a guy with a hole in his head can bring you any comfort. Well, there's no getting around it, that's a chance that every man takes when called to defend his country.

But, sure as shootin', his chances for survival are greater if he belongs to an outfit that demands ample training before going into combat and teaches him, through mind and body coordination, to think and act quickly. That's what you get in the Marine Corps, and that's what paid off at the Chosin Reservoir. There could have been thousands more casualties in the strategic withdrawal from Hanghum but for the discipline, unity, and teamwork of Marines trained for leadership.

It was that strict discipline throughout the ranks that made it possible for the Marines to fight their way out of the icy Communist trap at the Reservoir, bringing their wounded with them. It was why they were able to salvage men and equipment with the exception of useless articles of personnel gear in the successful, though desperate, evacuation of Hanghum.

To be a Marine is to learn the meaning of comradeship. Take me, for example. I got hit up near the Reservoir on top of a 3500-foot hill. It was November 4, and the day before we'd seen our first Chinese Communists, two prisoners in heavy quilted clothes who walked into us. I was covering our forward observers with harassing fire—setting my mortar to the right range when I saw a green flash, felt something like a bee sting, and that was the last I knew till I woke up in the Tokyo General Hospital, six days later on the birthday of the Marine Corps.

But my buddies took care of me. They applied wound compresses and carried me down the hill, on a stretcher, two at a time on relief. I don't know how long it took them to get through the thick underbrush and shrubbery, but I do know that it took three and a half hours to climb the hill in the first place.

They turned me in to the aid station, where I got blood plasma and had my dressings changed; then they went back to fight. Later I got a letter from them with a paragraph from each gun crew and every guy in the platoon signed it. I won't part with that letter in a hurry. You see, I'm 28—years older than most of my buddies—so they used to call me the mother of the outfit.

To show the kind of medical care that a man gets in the Marine Corps, I want to tell you that nine hours after I got hit I was on the operating table at Tokyo General Hospital, after being flown out of the line by helicopter to Hungnam Airfield and then by emergency flight to Tokyo.

The wound had caused hemorrhage of the brain and 32 fragments of bone were removed from the back of my skull. I got seven pints of whole blood and 47 spinal taps. While I was unconscious a Gray Lady wrote to my wife in almost the same words I would have

used myself. Every week while I was on the critical list my wife was notified of my progress.

If your boy joins the Marine Corps, I hope he'll never need the drastic medical treatment I did; but if he does, he'll get it—the best all the way through. He'll also have religious guidance and counsel in personal problems from the chaplain of his faith. He'll be taught discipline, manners, and morals. And he won't lack for educational opportunities.

Pride in the Marine Corps, in being a member of a tough outfit that has been winning battles for 175 years, is something a man never loses. Once a Marine, always a Marine; and if you see a man who has served in the Corps walking down the street in civilian clothes, you'll recognize him. It's a wholesome feeling.

During the war we were all together in the Pacific, all in the Second Marine Division. My brother Bill was the first to go in 1942. He served in First Marine Aviation at Munda. Then my dad, Donald H. Currier, volunteered at the age of 48. He was the only one of us to get wounded—on the Marshall Islands. I joined up after he did, and then my brother, Donald H., Jr., came in.

I saw Dad at Pearl Harbor, then went on to Saipan and then to Tinian, where I met Donald. From there I went to Okinawa, and after the Japanese surrender served three and a half months' occupation duty. I got my discharge from the Marine Corps Reserve that year, but re-enlisted in the Regulars in 1947.

My son wants to be a Marine, and if he were 18 he would be.

Good luck to you and your boy.

Sincerely yours,

Albert Currier,
Sgt., USMC

END



"In keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service"

Citations and Awards for Service in Korea.



THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

"... for extraordinary heroism in military operations against an armed enemy ..."

Major Morgan B. McNesley (Posthumous)

Second Lieutenant Thomas H. Johnston
(Posthumous)

Sergeant Malcolm L. Budd (Posthumous)
Corporal Jewell C. Bruce (Posthumous)

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL MacARTHUR

★ ★ ★ SILVER STAR MEDALS ★ ★ ★

"... for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity against the enemy ..."

Colonel Herman Nickerson
Lieutenant Colonel Frederick R. Dowsett
Lieutenant Colonel Raymond L. Murray
(second Bronze Oak-Leaf Cluster)
Lieutenant Colonel Harold S. Reise
Major Albert L. Clark
Major Norman A. Miller, Jr.
Major Thomas B. Tighe
Capt. William R. Gould
Capt. John R. Grove
1stLt. John H. Affleck
1stLt. Jack F. Boles
1stLt. Kenneth O. Cook
1stLt. James T. Cronin
1stLt. William J. Davis
1stLt. Earl R. DeLong

1stLt. George R. Earnest
1stLt. Harold D. Fredericks
1stLt. George C. Kliefoth
1stLt. Eugene Milleto
1stLt. Ernest M. Stone, Jr.
2ndLt. John J. H. Cahill
2ndLt. Byron L. Magnus
2ndLt. Frances W. Mueztel
CWO Dee R. Yancey
MSgt. Rufus A. Stowers
TSgt. Eugene Horn
SSgt. Hardy J. Hutchinson (Posthumous)
Sgt. Melvin R. Kunkel
Sgt. Roberto Recendez
Corp. Harry Early
Corp. Clinton F. Harrington

Corp. James R. Hoesly
Corp. Clifford L. Lonsil
Corp. Edwin J. Lively
Corp. Lawrence E. Payne
Corp. William F. Rogge
Corp. Charles M. Strickland
Corp. Jesse W. Teverbaugh, Jr.
Corp. Richard L. Wisecarver
Pfc Gunter Dohse
Pfc Frank Enick, Jr.
Pfc Leonard N. Kritz
Pfc Ralph A. Milton
Pfc David V. Nein
Pfc Billie K. Pool
Pfc Raymond L. Tuttle (Posthumous)
Pvt Stanley S. Robinson

★ ★ ★ LEGION OF MERIT ★ ★ ★

"... for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding service ..."

Colonel Edward C. Dyer
Colonel Edward M. Forney
(first Bronze Oak-Leaf Cluster)

Lieutenant Colonel John H. Brickley
Lieutenant Colonel Winsor V. Crockett, Jr.

Lieutenant Colonel Henry P. Crowe
Lieutenant Colonel George F. Waters

★ ★ ★ DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS ★ ★ ★ Gold Star

"... for heroism while participating in aerial flights in the Korean Theater ..."

2ndLt. Billy C. Marks (5th award)
Capt. William J. Longfellow (4th award)
1stLt. John V. Hanes (4th award)
Capt. James M. Burris (3rd award)
Capt. George B. Farish (3rd award)
Capt. Richard W. Johnson (3rd award)
Capt. Gene W. Morrison (3rd award)
MSgt. Leroy E. Meimrick (3rd award)
MSgt. Robert J. Mossman (3rd award)
MSgt. Donald E. Rupe (3rd award)

TSgt. Truman C. Eucice (3rd award)
TSgt. Leo J. Ihli (3rd award)
TSgt. Irving G. Taylor (3rd award)
TSgt. George J. Welker (3rd award)
Lieutenant Colonel Charles E. McLean, Jr.
(2nd award)
Major Vincent J. Gottschalk (2nd award)
Capt. Roy J. Irwin (2nd award)
Capt. Robert E. McLean (2nd award)
Capt. William C. Parker (2nd award)

Capt. Forrest "I" Townsend (2nd award)
Capt. Ralph P. Ward, Jr. (2nd award)
Capt. William T. Witt, Jr. (2nd award)
1stLt. Elwin M. Jones (2nd award)
1stLt. Gustave F. Lueddeke, Jr. (2nd award)
1stLt. Niel L. Van Campen (2nd award)
MSgt. Robert J. Mossman (2nd award)
TSgt. Robert A. Hill (2nd award)

★ ★ ★ DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (First Award) ★ ★ ★

Capt. Jame P. Bell, Jr.
Capt. Arthur Wagner
1stLt. George Kuprash

MSgt. John B. Holloway
TSgt. Arthur R. Graham
TSgt. James L. Morris, Jr.

TSgt. Donald M. Wallace
SSgt. Weldon E. Hardin
Sgt. Robert M. Todd, Jr.

★ ★ ★ BRONZE STAR MEDAL ★ ★ ★

"Gold Star in lieu of ... is awarded to ..."

Major William McReynolds (3rd award)

Capt. John V. Huff (2nd award)

1stLt. Robert E. Young (2nd award)

Sgt. Frank E. Echolz

BRONZE STAR MEDAL (First Award)

Colonel Raymond E. Hopper
Colonel Joseph L. Winecoff
Lieutenant Colonel Charles W. Harrison
Lieutenant Colonel Charles E. McLean, Jr.
Major Whitman S. Bartley
Major Nieman R. Hyland
Major Samuel A. Johnstone, Jr.
Major Glen E. Martin
Major Richard W. Schutt
Major Edwin H. Simmons
Capt. Hersel D. C. Blasingame

Capt. James J. Batt
Capt. John F. Coffey
Capt. James A. Dorsey
Capt. William R. Earnay
Capt. Frank J. Faureck
Capt. Harvey W. Gagner
Capt. Walter E. G. Godenius
Capt. Donald J. Hallmeyer
Capt. Lester G. Harmon
Capt. Donald L. Herrick
Capt. Robert R. Peebles

Capt. Stone W. Quillion
Capt. Benjamin S. Read
Capt. William G. Reeves
Capt. Augustine B. Reynolds, Jr.
Capt. Tony Stapanuk
Capt. Andrew J. Strahmenger
Capt. Harold J. Thomas
Capt. Theodore Tunis
Capt. George L. Williams
Capt. John W. Yeager
Capt. George E. Zawosky

1stLt. Raymond J. Ellledge
1stLt. Wilber N. Herndon
1stLt. Eugene M. Havatter
1stLt. Robert D. Inn
1stLt. Claude K. Johnson
1stLt. Robert M. Lucy
1stLt. Clare R. McMahon
1stLt. Charles D. Mize
1stLt. Paul V. Mulloney
1stLt. Edward D. Murray
1stLt. Herbert Preston, Jr.

TURN PAGE

CITATIONS & AWARDS (cont.)

1stLt. Edward M. Seeburger
1stLt. Lawrence N. Simmon
1stLt. Robert E. Snyder
1stLt. James V. Townsend
1stLt. Gordon Vincent
1stLt. Donald E. Walden
1stLt. Robert Wilson
1stLt. John Yancey
2ndLt. Harry L. Alderman
2ndLt. Dale L. Brown
2ndLt. George Caridakis
2ndLt. Paul R. Fields
2ndLt. Mervin D. Gardner
2ndLt. Vernon S. Munsell
2ndLt. Gerald M. Stewart
CWO Phillip Blazzer
CWO John W. Woodfin
MSgt. William J. Addis
MSgt. Bill Albin
MSgt. Louis J. Cienotti
MSgt. Charles C. Dana, Jr.
MSgt. James R. Davis
MSgt. David E. Dickson
MSgt. Ralph A. Engemann
MSgt. Charles W. Hartman
MSgt. Joseph F. Ivick
MSgt. Albert P. Maltz
MSgt. Emerson Pinney
TSgt. Harold K. Beaver
TSgt. Charles D. Burden
TSgt. George F. Burnett
TSgt. Bruce E. Carroll
TSgt. Nelson J. Darfex
TSgt. David H. Duncan
TSgt. Frederick C. Evans
TSgt. Robert E. Foster
TSgt. Thomas A. Horbison, Jr.
TSgt. James R. McCroy

TSgt. Raymond C. McQuillan
TSgt. Carmelo J. Randazzo
TSgt. Guy H. Smoke
TSgt. Frank T. Versage, Jr.
SSgt. Neel P. Bell
SSgt. John S. Bugg, Jr.
SSgt. Richard E. Danford
SSgt. Joseph M. Gunter, Jr.
SSgt. Joseph G. Harper
SSgt. Alfred J. Kivett, Jr.
SSgt. John O. Krahenbuhl
SSgt. Raymond E. Mayfield
SSgt. George E. Meshke
SSgt. August Tossmer
SSgt. Curtis S. Williams
Sgt. David E. Burnett
Sgt. John J. Cherramie
Sgt. Robert M. Clark, Jr.
Sgt. Paul F. Coleman
Sgt. William J. Dillman
Sgt. James J. Fitzgerald
Sgt. Donald F. Gillespie
Sgt. William A. Gillis
Sgt. Willie P. Hammonds
Sgt. Walter W. Hathorne
Sgt. John H. Hayward
Sgt. Howard T. James, Jr.
Sgt. Joseph H. Johnson, III
Sgt. Ray C. Joyner
Sgt. Kenneth E. Keith
Sgt. Jack T. Kilger
Sgt. Robert King
Sgt. Paul P. Leszun
Sgt. Jerry E. McDonald
Sgt. Billy F. Miller
Sgt. Roy F. Pack
Sgt. Francis J. Pagano
Sgt. Charles M. Pearson

Sgt. Edward J. Silberman
Sgt. Ralph Smith
Sgt. Glen J. Stanley
Sgt. Grady C. Yarbrough
Sgt. George A. Zettler
Corp. Thomas C. Ashdale
Corp. John W. Beahler
Corp. Anthony J. Bernhard
Corp. Calvin M. Birch
Corp. Franklin M. Canterbury
Corp. Burton K. Daker
Corp. Albert Gomez
Corp. Benjamin E. Graham
Corp. Harold G. Heald
Corp. Melfred E. Johnson, Jr.
Corp. Herbert H. Knight
Corp. Francis H. Lescoe
Corp. Floyd E. McConnell
Corp. Peter Meyers
Corp. Gene D. Mills
Corp. Vegie L. Moore
Corp. Junior D. Norman
Corp. Reagan E. Pappewell
Corp. Herbert C. Rink
Corp. Jimmie L. Rogers
Corp. Raymond J. Rohde
Corp. William Speranza
Corp. Eugene A. Waggoner
Corp. Edward G. Wilkins
Pfc William R. Barks
Pfc Charles G. Beman
Pfc John U. Book
Pfc Robert W. Brooks
Pfc Roger A. Cantwell
Pfc Edward Collins
Pfc William H. Cox
Pfc Lewis H. Crawford
Pfc John S. Cullen

Pfc Bernard H. Everson
Pfc Robert R. Ficzko
Pfc Paul Des Forges
Pfc James P. Gallagher
Pfc Willard E. Garvin
Pfc Leroy Gillispie (Posthumous)
Pfc Kenneth J. Hartly
Pfc Willie F. Headrick
Pfc John K. Homan
Pfc Paul W. Keefauver, Jr.
Pfc Charles M. Kimmel, Jr.
Pfc Robert J. Kozelko
Pfc Leo S. Kuczynski
Pfc Louis M. Losack
Pfc Ray G. Mackey
Pfc Donald D. Mayo
Pfc Charles M. Morgan, Jr.
Pfc Michael J. O'Connor
Pfc Richard Pantoliano
Pfc Daniel D. Petcavogo
Pfc Eugene H. Plummer
Pfc Louis Roundtree
Pfc Leo S. Santore
Pfc Bruce C. Schoen
Pfc Phil P. Sessions
Pfc Charles R. Siegrist
Pfc Robert B. Skowron (Posthumous)
Pfc Bernard T. Turner
Pfc Theodore G. Van Arsdale
Pfc Stephen Vizinic
Pfc Robert H. Wagner
Pfc Homer P. Walden
Pfc Fred L. Walz
Pfc William F. Webb
Pfc Lawrence Wesgites

★ ★ ★ AIR MEDAL ★ ★ ★

"... Gold Star in lieu of ... for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flights ..."

Capt. Howard J. Finn (21st award)
Capt. Roland B. Mailman (16th award)
Major William E. Crowe (14th award)
1stLt. Curtis D. Jernigan (14th award)
Capt. Philip J. Kelcher (12th award)
Capt. Alden McBaron (12th award)
Capt. Oliver W. Curtis (11th award)
Capt. Wesley W. Hazlett (11th award)
Capt. Ovis D. Hunter (11th award)
Capt. James K. Johnson (11th award)
Capt. John D. Ross (11th award)
2ndLt. Edgar E. Gaudette, Jr. (11th award)
Capt. Alfred F. McCaleb, Jr. (10th award)
Capt. James M. Burris (9th award)
Capt. Richard W. Johnson (9th award)
Capt. William J. Langfellow (9th award)
Capt. Edwin Pendrey (9th award)
1stLt. Donald H. Edwards (9th award)
1stLt. Harold N. Heath (9th award)
1stLt. Niel L. Van Campen (9th award)
Major Vincent J. Gottschalk (8th award)
Major Robert P. Keller (8th award)
Major Elmer P. Thompson (8th award)
Capt. Donald C. Cunroy (8th award)
Capt. Gerard Dethier (8th award)
Capt. John McCabe (8th award)
Capt. Thomas E. Mulvihill (8th award)
Capt. John D. Ross (8th award)
1stLt. Lloyd J. Engelhardt (8th award)
1stLt. John V. Hanes (8th award)
1stLt. Elwin M. Jones (8th award)
1stLt. Gustave F. Lueddke, Jr. (8th award)
2ndLt. Carl D. Williams (8th award)
MSgt. John J. McWesters (8th award)
MSgt. James W. Snyder (8th award)
TSgt. Irving G. Taylor (8th award)
Lieutenant Colonel Claude H. Welch (7th award)
Capt. Irvin "J" Barney (7th award)
Capt. John L. Greene (7th award)
Capt. Charles A. House (7th award)
Capt. Ray J. Irwin (7th award)
Capt. Joe McPhail (7th award)
Capt. Richard M. Peacock (7th award)
Capt. Franklin N. Pippin (7th award)
Capt. Jerry B. Smith (7th award)
Capt. Orlando S. Tisdell (7th award)
Capt. William T. Witt, Jr. (7th award)
1stLt. William W. Bryant (7th award)
TSgt. Gail Lane (7th award)
Capt. William E. Brown (6th award)
Capt. George B. Farish (6th award)
Capt. Robert F. Marr (6th award)
Capt. Andrew L. McViears (6th award)
Capt. William C. Parker, Jr. (6th award)

Capt. Eddie C. Torbett (6th award)
Capt. Forrest "I" Townsend (6th award)
1stLt. Charles F. Baldwin, Jr. (6th award)
1stLt. George H. Dodenhoff (6th award)
MSgt. Billy R. Green (6th award)
MSgt. Leroy E. Heimrick (6th award)
MSgt. Robert J. Mossman (6th award)
MSgt. Richard "T" Rodd, Jr. (6th award)
TSgt. Truman G. Bunce (6th award)
TSgt. James W. Norndon (6th award)
TSgt. Robert A. Hill (6th award)
TSgt. George J. Walker (6th award)
Lieutenant Colonel John F. Kinney (5th award)
Capt. Charles E. Call (5th award)
Capt. Kenneth G. Fiegner (5th award)
Capt. Benjamin A. Foranzini (5th award)
Capt. Don W. Galbreath (5th award)
Capt. Robert F. Marr (5th award)
Capt. Robert E. McClean (5th award)
Capt. Gene W. Morrison (5th award)
Capt. Frank J. O'Hara, Jr. (5th award)
Capt. William T. O'Neal (5th award)
Capt. John S. Perrin (5th award)
Capt. David G. Swinford (5th award)
Capt. Ralph P. Ward, Jr. (5th award)
1stLt. James C. Dunphy (5th award)
1stLt. Danny W. Johnson (5th award)
1stLt. Kent E. Kiester (5th award)
1stLt. George Kuprosch (5th award)
1stLt. Eldon C. Stanton (5th award)
1stLt. Robert L. Wood (5th award)
1stLt. James B. Wortman (5th award)
2ndLt. Doyle H. Cole (5th award)
MSgt. Donald E. Rupe (5th award)
Major Albert L. Clark (4th award)
Major Wilbur F. Evans, Jr. (4th award)
Capt. James P. Bell, Jr. (4th award)
Capt. Earl P. Corey (4th award)
Capt. Otis W. S. Corman (4th award)
Capt. Joseph B. DeHaven (4th award)
Capt. George B. Farish (4th award)
Capt. Harry L. Foust (4th award)
Capt. Gene W. Morrison (4th award)
Capt. Frank J. O'Hara, Jr. (4th award)
Capt. James Payette (4th award)
Capt. Lloyd S. Penn (4th award)
Capt. John B. Piper (4th award)
Capt. John Skorch (4th award)
Capt. David G. Swinford (4th award)
1stLt. Charles W. Abrahams (4th award)
1stLt. Jon R. Bibby (4th award)
1stLt. Truman Clark (4th award)
1stLt. William N. Gustafson (4th award)
1stLt. Herbert E. Mendenhall (4th award)

MSgt. Norman E. Payne, Jr. (4th award)
TSgt. Robert H. Bentley (4th award)
SSgt. Robert E. Block (4th award)
Sgt. Robert M. Todd, Jr. (4th award)
Major William G. Johnson (3rd award)
Capt. Eugene N. Bennett (3rd award)
Capt. Charles E. Boswell, Jr. (3rd award)
Capt. Douglas K. Morton (3rd award)
Capt. William T. O'Neal (3rd award)
Capt. Walter E. Ottmer (3rd award)
Capt. Russell G. Patterson, Jr. (3rd award)
Capt. Vernon J. Peables (3rd award)
Capt. Grady W. Ray (3rd award)
1stLt. Alvin R. Rieder (3rd award)
Capt. Jack H. Wilkinson (3rd award)
Capt. Lynn F. Williams (3rd award)
1stLt. Warren J. Bayes (3rd award)
1stLt. Burton Y. Caurchesne (3rd award)
1stLt. Kenneth G. Haddock (3rd award)
1stLt. Theodore R. Moore (3rd award)
1stLt. Russell P. Ziegler (3rd award)
MSgt. Frank W. Scroggs, Jr. (3rd award)
MSgt. James A. Vittitoe (3rd award)
MSgt. Donald E. Wambold (3rd award)
TSgt. John W. Frederick, Jr. (3rd award)
TSgt. Martin Lachow (3rd award)
TSgt. Earl B. Rogers (3rd award)
SSgt. Robert E. Block (3rd award)
Corp. Jack M. Deaton (3rd award)
Major Hugh B. Calahan (2nd award)
Capt. Ernest R. Clifton, Jr. (2nd award)
Capt. Philip J. DeGroot (2nd award)
Capt. Don W. Galbreath (2nd award)
Capt. Harry B. Hanson (2nd award)
Capt. Thomas C. Hurst (2nd award)
Capt. Elmer C. McDonnell (2nd award)
Capt. Grady W. Ray (2nd award)
Capt. Henry H. Schwendemann (2nd award)
1stLt. Lonnie P. Raites (2nd award)
1stLt. John W. Coffman (2nd award)
1stLt. Libburn L. Harse (2nd award)
1stLt. John J. Murnihv (2nd award)
1stLt. Robert J. O'Shea (2nd award)
1stLt. Robert C. Simons (2nd award)
1stLt. Norman Vining (2nd award)
MSgt. Barney C. Olson (2nd award)
TSgt. Philip N. Healey, Jr. (2nd award)
TSgt. Leonard R. Lang (2nd award)
TSgt. Guss H. Pennell, Jr. (2nd award)
SSgt. Vincent J. Adamczyk (2nd award)
SSgt. Byron F. Hall (2nd award)
Sgt. John A. Kandes (2nd award)
Sgt. Richard J. Moore (2nd award)

★ ★ ★ AIR MEDAL ★ ★ ★ (First Award)

Colonel Alpha L. Bowser, Jr.
Lieutenant Colonel Neil R. MacIntyre
Major Donald L. Clark
Major James A. Feeley, Jr.
Major William M. Lundin
Major Richard E. Sullivan
Capt. Aylmer R. Barnum
Capt. Eugene N. Bennett
Capt. Don C. Mulford
Capt. Clayton Ingraham

Capt. Clarence W. Parkins
Capt. John S. Perrin
Capt. Donald W. Smith
1stLt. Richard Bell
1stLt. Robert W. Breeze
1stLt. James P. Bruce
1stLt. Edwin J. Carlski
1stLt. Frederick G. Connelly
1stLt. Ray Connelly
1stLt. Merle C. Davis

1stLt. Walter E. Domina
1stLt. George A. Eaton
1stLt. Neal R. Ewing
1stLt. Libburn L. Harpe
1stLt. John B. Mason
1stLt. Robert W. Minick
1stLt. Weldon R. Mitchell
1stLt. Elbert F. Price
1stLt. Elmore Ravensberg
1stLt. Vance L. Yount, Jr.

2ndLt. Bruce E. Clingan
2ndLt. George A. Dinsdale
2ndLt. Thomas N. Elliott
2ndLt. Charles R. Gilliam
2ndLt. Stanley J. Osserman
MSgt. Don Scarborough
TSgt. Dwight R. Francisco
TSgt. Rosslyn D. Manning
TSgt. Burl B. Rogers
SSgt. Rodolfo Pineda

★ ★ ★ LETTERS OF COMMENDATION ★ ★ ★

Lieutenant Colonel Charles T. Hodges
Lieutenant Colonel Ellsworth G. Van Orman

Major Arthur J. Barrett
Major Edward T. Butler
Major Carol D. Dalton
Major Raymond F. Gotko
Major James F. Lawrence, Jr.
Major Maurice E. Roach
Capt. Richard N. Aufmann
Capt. Lewis E. Bolts
Capt. Raymond Dewees, Jr.
Capt. Edward E. Elder
Capt. Charles D. Garber
Capt. James D. Jordan
Capt. Lornie Leslie
Capt. Stone W. Quillian
Capt. Raymond L. Valente
Capt. John L. Williams
1stLt. Richard J. Crowley
1stLt. Russell A. Davidson
1stLt. Kenneth E. Davis
1stLt. Joseph R. Fisher
1stLt. Robert A. Foyle
1stLt. Roscoe F. Good, Jr.
1stLt. John R. Hancock
1stLt. Samuel F. Hunter
1stLt. Chester J. Krist
1stLt. Charles H. Miller
1stLt. Robert W. Minick
1stLt. Frank Mockli
1stLt. Jack C. Smith
1stLt. John J. Walsh
1stLt. Perry G. Wise
1stLt. Leland E. Ziegler
2ndLt. Nate L. Adams, II
2ndLt. Howard G. Blank
2ndLt. Lemoine Cox
2ndLt. Charles A. Dyer
2ndLt. Martin F. Fritz
2ndLt. George H. Grimes
2ndLt. Frederick W. Hopkins
2ndLt. Harvey B. Johnson
2ndLt. George J. Klees
2ndLt. Eugene L. Libbin
2ndLt. Vernon S. Munsell
2ndLt. Robert O. Rinsinger
2ndLt. Charles R. Stiles
2ndLt. Ralph J. Tuloy
2ndLt. Joseph R. Weyerski
2ndLt. Willis M. Wright
CWO Harold J. Michael
CWO James C. Price
CWO Samuel E. Van Zant
CWO Levi Woodbury
WO Ernest T. Bean
MSgt. James G. Altemann
MSgt. James L. Barbour
MSgt. Cecil G. Beck
MSgt. Rianhold Black
MSgt. Morris C. Brown
MSgt. Anthony Capoferrri
MSgt. James L. Croy
MSgt. William E. Day
MSgt. Joseph J. Duffy
MSgt. William G. Ferrigno
MSgt. Wesley Gore
MSgt. Kenneth M. Gregory
MSgt. Lewis J. Hames
MSgt. John W. Havens
MSgt. William Hobbs
MSgt. Virgil R. Hussey
MSgt. Louis T. Jasionowski
MSgt. Walter C. Johnson
MSgt. Benny L. Kenter
MSgt. William J. Klonoski
MSgt. Walter L. Long
MSgt. Edgar M. Lea
MSgt. Edward M. Mitchell
MSgt. Chess Moncrief
MSgt. Johan A. Munsen
MSgt. William O. Parish
MSgt. Alfred A. Pichardt
MSgt. Jimmie L. Stewart
MSgt. Francis Sweeney

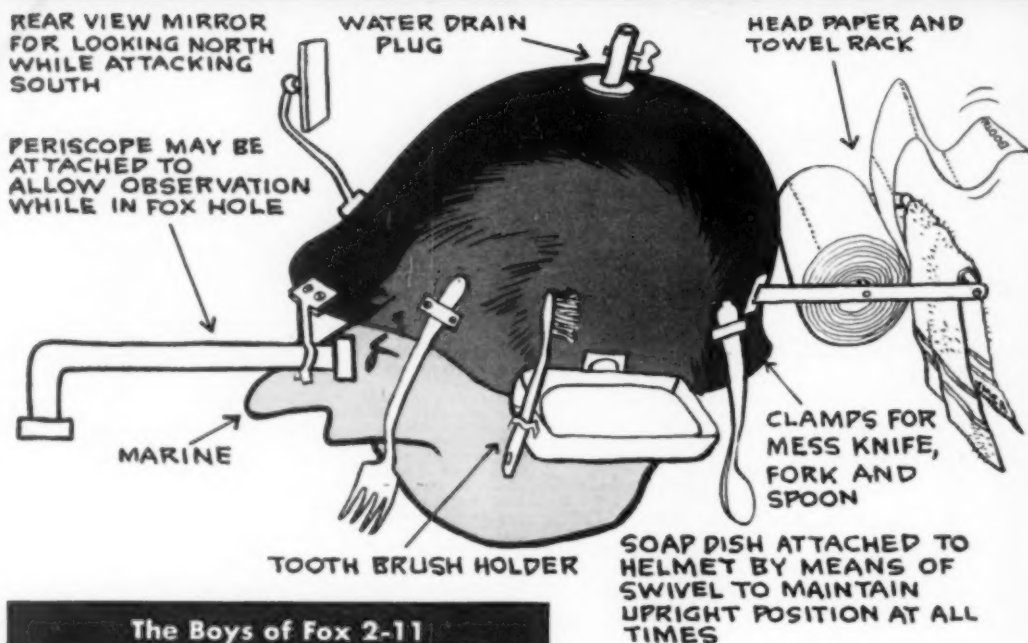
MSgt. "Q" "T" Wade
MSgt. James C. Williams
MSgt. John R. Wood
MSgt. Thomas J. Wood
MSgt. Merlin D. Woodard
MSgt. Richard O. Woodard
TSgt. Loren M. Beckley
TSgt. George W. Bulkow
TSgt. Ralph W. Carlton
TSgt. Samuel M. Conover
TSgt. Charles E. Evans
TSgt. William H. Gallagher
TSgt. Stanley V. Grooms
TSgt. Julius R. Guest
TSgt. Nicholas Gulick
TSgt. George R. Haktus
TSgt. Ralph T. Henry
TSgt. Frank L. Hill
TSgt. Charles S. Horvath
TSgt. Rayburn A. Hudman
TSgt. Francis J. Incosky
TSgt. Frederick H. Junker
TSgt. Gordon L. King
TSgt. Ira L. Laird
TSgt. John Lasiv
TSgt. Warren H. Leibe
TSgt. Raymond T. Litchfield
TSgt. Duard H. McAbee
TSgt. Thomas J. McHugh
TSgt. Stanley G. Millar
TSgt. Jack E. Muisener
TSgt. Verl K. Nelson
TSgt. Bernie Ottwell
TSgt. William Owens
TSgt. Walter R. Persicke
TSgt. Louis H. Ramsey
TSgt. James E. Stephens
TSgt. James F. Wabeck
TSgt. William K. Winn
SSgt. John J. Aber
SSgt. Kenneth D. Beaumont
SSgt. Alfred E. Berbig
SSgt. Benton S. Blackburn
SSgt. William C. Blackwell, J
SSgt. Thomas L. Bradford
SSgt. Yoris J. Choate
SSgt. John J. Cline
SSgt. Robert W. Colvin
SSgt. Jesse W. Crocker, Jr.
SSgt. Ellis M. Felts, Jr.
SSgt. Vincent P. Giaccio
SSgt. Frederick G. Hall, Jr.
SSgt. Thomas Kalus
SSgt. Bill J. King
SSgt. Clifford K. Lucas
SSgt. Everett D. Mathews
SSgt. Henry H. Mayer
SSgt. Neil B. McBride
SSgt. Lloyd W. Melanson
SSgt. Stephen M. Myorski
SSgt. Charles M. Old
SSgt. Louis M. Ortega
SSgt. William J. Pearcy
SSgt. Charles M. Schmidt
SSgt. Arlie O. Sessions
SSgt. George E. Shivelhood
SSgt. Robert E. Simmons
SSgt. Roland L. Snyder
SSgt. Aaron W. Spilkes
SSgt. Donald E. Straub
SSgt. Murray W. Tilton
Sgt. George R. Baggs
Sgt. Charles E. Barnes
Sgt. Marshall E. Bennett
Sgt. Frank W. Biddix
Sgt. Oscar Billiter
Sgt. Jessie E. Binion
Sgt. Robert L. Bird
Sgt. Gilbert J. Booth
Sgt. Wallace G. Bowden, III
Sgt. Calvin Brannon
Sgt. Robert D. Brooks
Sgt. Harold L. Brown
Sgt. Jimmy A. Corneli

Sgt. Melvin C. Dau
Sgt. George E. Dutch
Sgt. Frank W. Dutton
Sgt. Horace M. Eastwood
Sgt. Edward B. Egan
Sgt. Angelo N. Estrada
Sgt. Bernard Fehrer
Sgt. Herbert L. Frankling
Sgt. Robert M. Gile
Sgt. Karl E. Gore
Sgt. Dan S. Gover
Sgt. William H. Gray
Sgt. Carl Gussenhofen
Sgt. James A. Hamlett
Sgt. John R. Healy
Sgt. Richard F. Hillman
Sgt. Joseph G. A. LeHouillier
Sgt. Frederick D. Howell
Sgt. Orville W. Jones
Sgt. Willie A. L. Kenna
Sgt. Kermit A. Kyle
Sgt. Lytton Lee, Jr.
Sgt. Jack C. Lemmon
Sgt. Cecil R. Lister
Sgt. Christopher J. Lynch
Sgt. Vincent O. Magno
Sgt. James D. Manley
Sgt. Donald A. May
Sgt. Joseph W. Merkel
Sgt. John J. Mitchell
Sgt. Harley P. Moore
Sgt. Manuel Mata
Sgt. Thomas R. Naples
Sgt. Billy B. Nivens
Sgt. Robert J. Politovich
Sgt. Henry J. Rechin
Sgt. Ernest L. Reece, Jr.
Sgt. William K. Riley
Sgt. Arthur "J" Robinson
Sgt. Patrick R. Rotella
Sgt. Anthony G. Ruggiero
Sgt. Lajoie A. Sautler
Sgt. John E. Schoenfeld
Sgt. Armit J. Seizes
Sgt. Charles R. Shultz
Sgt. Richard T. Skoff
Sgt. Herbert C. Sommerville
Sgt. Ernest W. Speech
Sgt. Richard W. Steinbaugh
Sgt. Raymond E. Stephens
Sgt. Hubbard E. Stewart
Sgt. Earl L. Taylor
Sgt. William M. Taylor
Sgt. Purvis J. Thibodeaux, Jr.
Sgt. John W. Thompson
Sgt. Irving C. Wallace
Sgt. Jack N. Watson
Sgt. Samuel J. West
Sgt. Willard J. Woodring, Jr.
Sgt. Stephen Zuraw
Corp. Joseph A. Alvino
Corp. Charles W. Atkinson
Corp. Eugene E. Barsaleau
Corp. James F. Baxter
Corp. Joseph W. Bernard
Corp. Jan N. Bodey
Corp. Louis S. Bourdelaix
Corp. James P. Brown
Corp. William L. Bushkirk
Corp. Caliente S. Cabello
Corp. Salvatore D. Cavalier
Corp. Joseph E. Cicchino
Corp. Robert L. Clark
Corp. Robert P. Connelly
Corp. Kenneth H. Crane
Corp. Max R. Cribler
Corp. Kenneth M. DeGroff
Corp. David L. DeHaven
Corp. Charles R. Dickerson
Corp. Harold Don
Corp. Marvin T. Dawd
Corp. David T. Edwards
Corp. John M. Emery
Corp. Billie J. D. Everett

Corp. Guy M. Ferree
Corp. Willard E. Futch
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THE VERSATILE STEEL HELMET USMC O.P. (Overseas Purposes)



The Boys of Fox 2-11

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 53]

can rest assured that those of us who served with you during World War II haven't and won't forget. Don't let the "scuttlebutt" and cracks made by envious naval personnel worry you one damn bit. When their record can come up to yours—then you can start worrying. Some of these young punks have a lot to learn and if the element of time permits, perhaps they will learn it prior to retirement. It's a certainty—if they ever serve with the Marines in combat—their squawking will be as hollow as some of their heads.

Good luck,

James C. Roueche, YNC, USN
Ship's Company, CPO Qtrs
Norfolk, Va.

Chief Roueche's Poem

A LEATHERNECK

Hold high your head in pride
Marine, no matter where you be,
Remember the honored name you
bear and always keep it free.

Heed not the slur, the thoughtless
jest of people great or small,
Remember you're a Leatherneck,
the greatest of them all.

You earned your mark of valor
when into the Corps you came,
Now do your best to see the rest
upholds its honored name.

The word "Marine" will always
have a meaning of its own,
No matter how they mix it up
On land or sea or foam.

War TWO would in itself become
a Hall of Fame for you,
Could all your glorious deeds therein
be told in words so true.

You turned not when at death you
stood, the odds against your side,
Hold high your head, I say, Marine!
and hold it high with pride.

All others may their laurels claim
for deeds both great and grand,
But give those laurels to your pals
who sleep in foreign sand.

You need not brag or boast at all
to get the praises due,
Just do your best and all the rest
will give them back to you.

When'er you stand before Those
Gates with all your battles won,
I'm sure St. Pete can only say—
"Come in, Marine—Well Done."

Hold high your head,
you Leatherneck!
Don't ever you forget,

To wear with pride that uniform;—
baptized in blood and sweat.

By: J. C. Roueche, YNC, USN

I KNEW HER WHEN

Dear Sir:

After reading through the *Leatherneck* for May, 1951, I came to page 49 and to my surprise I see a picture of Joan Artus.

I can only say that I "knew her when." I was with her back in John Adams High School in Queens, New York in 1947. We were in the same dramatics class together and she was forever talking about her future in "show-business." It looks like Joan made good, because I recently saw her in *Look Magazine* as one of the girls in the show at the Latin Quarter in New York.

Seeing as how she made the *Leatherneck*, I feel confident that she has "arrived." I'm writing this to congratulate Joan on fulfilling her ambition and congratulations to *Leatherneck* for picking out Miss Joan Artus as their pin-up girl for May, 1951.

Sincerely,

Corp. J. D. Cicerani
Camp Joseph H. Pendleton
Oceanside, Calif.

END

Books REVIEWED

"THIS IS WAR!" By David D. Duncan. Harper & Brothers, New York. Price \$4.95

IN prefacing his book David D. Duncan writes, "I wanted to show what war did to a man. I wanted to show the way men live, and die, when they know Death is among them . . . show something of the agony, the suffering, the terrible confusion, the heroism which is everyday currency among these men who actually pull the triggers of rifles. I wanted to tell a story of war."

Duncan succeeded. This book, the living and very powerful story of the Marines who fought in Korea, is one of the finest presentations of war, as it really is, in picture and text, that we have ever seen.

In a series of captionless photographs, Duncan has narrated the actuality of war and brought it closer to reader experience than normally possible. Each superb photograph can and *must* be read, for each contains a more gripping story than the stilled eloquence of mere words could relate.

The 150 pages of photographs—many have never been published before—are divided into three separate parts: Part I—THE HILL; Part II—THE CITY; Part III—RETREAT, HELL! Each block of pictures is preceded by text which makes it possible for the reader to understand the circumstances and setting of the picture series. Captions are unnecessary. The grimness and courage of each man is inscribed in the set of a bearded jaw; in the war-weary eyes which peer from beneath the edge of a steel helmet. The captions are there; the pictures speak.

Each chapter deals with a military combat problem. An attack upon a hill, the capture of a city and a fighting retreat. The story of these battles is written in the hands and faces and bodies of the men in the pictures. Reading their features, one feels what *they* felt at the moment.

Nowhere does Duncan deviate from the truth—he can't. The camera does not lie. Each picture is the war as it happened, as he saw it through his camera. It is the factual report of brave men who fought a war without their "personal agreement on the righteousness of the cause."

Although he is also an accomplished writer, Dave Duncan had intended to

publish the book without a single written word. He realized, however, that many people lacked the necessary background to understand the conditions under which these men existed, survived or perished and for that reason, he introduces each chapter with a short text-block.

"This Is War!" is of interest to everyone, but especially to Marines. Because it is the story of their comrades as those men lived it. It tells, in pictures, what they suffered and how they died, of the



unbreakable bonds of comradeship which they form and of the triumph of survival.

Co-winner of the *U.S. Camera Gold Achievement Award* for 1950, *Life Magazine's* ace cameraman has been praised by artists, readers and writers as well as laymen. His photographs in "This Is War!" are masterpieces of composition, mass and line.

Nearly every man in the book is a Marine. "It is no accident," Duncan states. As a second lieutenant during War II, he shared their lives for three years while island-hopping from Guadalcanal to Tokyo Bay. When the first Marines arrived in Korea, the 34-year-old legendary lensman assumed naturally that he would photograph their battles. Through the lens of his camera, he has portrayed the ordeal and valor of first-class fighting men.

RA5

"HOW TO GET AHEAD IN THE ARMED FORCES." By Reuben Horchow. Doubleday & Co.

Price \$1.00

THIS book is intended for those who are about to enter military service, either through enlistment or induction. However, those already "in"

are not excluded from the benefits which can be gained from reading "How To Get Ahead in the Armed Forces."

Regardless of which service he chooses, the recruit who reads this 96-page guide will have a better idea of what to expect in military life. In view of the present situation, many who never anticipated leaving their civilian status are going to find themselves in uniform. This book will get them off to a start in the right direction.

The text covers military examinations, promotions, commissions and jobs which are available to the new serviceman. Each chapter is explained in relation to all branches of the armed forces.

The nomenclature of the M-1 is left to the drill instructors; this book attempts to square away the recruit on the maze of tests (classification, qualification, aptitude, etc.), which he will face. It doesn't provide the answers, but it does show the proper method of approaching tests and interviews. Illustrations of tests similar to those used today are included.

The reader is told how to apply for the job of his choice, and how to make the most of the job once it is acquired. Not everyone can have his favorite job, however, because combat units have top call on service manpower. The author makes it quite clear that once you're in, "do the best job you can."

Personnel and classification NCOs are skilled in what they're doing. However, if you feel that you are a misfit in your outfit, and could serve better elsewhere, you may ask for transfer. This book can't guarantee such a move (no book can). The individual must assume the initiative. But it does explain the procedure to follow.

The book is paged with good advice. It explains the promotion set-up used in the armed forces, tells how you can best try for that next stripe, and passes along things you should know about promotions if you want to get ahead. Commissions are treated the same way.

Anyone interested in applying for a commission will find the mental and physical requirements listed here. Officers are made, not necessarily born. And while bars are not easily acquired, anyone who feels he is a leader should study this chapter.

Reuben Horchow, the author, is Chief of the Manpower Analysis Section in the Army's Adjutant General's Office.

RA5

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